

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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IT IS A KIND OLD WORLD

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THE GREAT WAR OF 1933

WHY NOT START IT?

Mussolini Leading Italy To
Conquer a New Province

THE WAY BACK TO PROSPERITY FOR THE WORLD

It would be a good thing for the world in the New Year if it took up Signor Mussolini's New War and made it the Great War of 1933. It would be a better if, having tried it, the world never tried any other.

The new kind of war which Signor Mussolini is waging is the attack on the Pontine marshes, to which we have several times referred in the C.N.

A Great Engineering Feat

The Pontine marshes outside Rome have long been the symbol of stagnation, the home of poverty, the place of desolation, the breeding-place of malaria and other diseases.

For two thousand years the curse of malaria, due to myriads of mosquitoes from the swamps and the rotting of vegetation, has levied a toll on the lives and health of the Romans worse than any war debt. Mussolini began ten years ago to lift this weight from the necks of the people by inaugurating a new system of drainage canals in the zone of the marshes, and this great engineering feat is proceeding to its accomplishment. The first fruits of it were presented the other day when the Duce inaugurated the new town and parish of Littoria, with streets and town hall complete, in the heart of the marshes. Thousands of acres have been reclaimed from them and have been brought under cultivation.

Success After Success

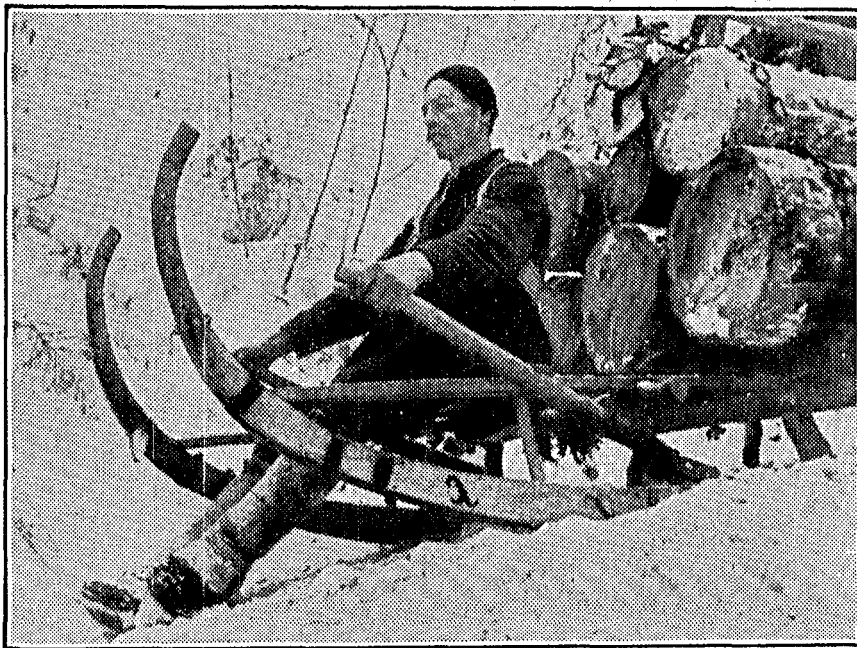
It was partly Mussolini's own zest for improvement, and partly the necessity of finding work for the unemployed, which urged him to the task, which Roman Emperors and Popes and Napoleon Bonaparte had tried and given up in despair, of subduing these man-eating marshes. But every fresh success drove him on to others; and now, half an hour from Rome, these efforts are on the way to adding a new province to Italy, as Signor Mussolini said the other day in a rousing speech.

It is a conquered province, but it is the abode of peace and content. Here the soldiers of the war can beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Here they can raise crops of maize where nothing grew before. Here, in the words of Mussolini, the Italians have carried out real warlike operations. "And," he added, "it is the kind of warfare we prefer," a sentiment which the whole world will be glad to hear from the lips of the Italian Dictator.

Gliding Over Ice and Snow



A goat-drawn sleigh on the ice at Carmel, New York



Traffic is often held up by frost and snow, but here are two instances where wintry conditions have made progress easier. The lower picture shows how Bavarian lumbermen were helped to transport their logs from the forest.

So may it be, and all will echo his hope that the world will leave Italy in peace so that she may go on with her work.

The hope may to some sound strangely on the lips of Italy's strong man, but it is certain that if the world followed the lead it would find too much to do to turn its mind to the other kind of war.

By next year, Signor Mussolini promises, more land will have been made fit for habitation and cultivation, and another thousand houses will be built. By 1934 a second parish or commune will be inaugurated, and by 1935 a third one, and 40,000 people will have been settled on the land.

That will mean a triumph more to be applauded than the Triumph of any Roman Emperor. When we think of the stupendous amount of such work which

is waiting for the world to do it, the reclamation of the Pontine marshes may seem like a drop in the ocean.

But it is a beginning. It points the way, and it is not the only thing that this blundering old world is doing when it draws its neck out of the hangman's noose of armaments. In Italy they are draining Lake Arsa in Istria for more land, and the farmers are collecting the fish for food as a New Year's gift. In Holland the Zuider Zee is becoming cultivable land. The Dutchmen also are conquering a new province. Italy and Holland are quite alive to the urgent problems of these days.

This is the kind of war every nation in its heart knows to be the only one from which any simple soul can profit: *National Government, please follow.*

THE HERO OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT HOW HE HID HIMSELF FROM THE WORLD

Extraordinary Story of Sergeant
Richardson and His V.C.

DESERVING IT TWICE

It is well known that great modesty goes with great courage, but even among brave men there have been few so modest as Sergeant Richardson, V.C.

He said nothing when an impostor went to the King's garden party for V.C.s as Sergeant Richardson and was congratulated on his glorious deed. Now he has died in a Liverpool hospital.

As a young man Arthur Lindsey Richardson went to Canada and joined the North-West Mounted Police. When the Boer War broke out he joined Lord Strathcona's Horse and quickly became a sergeant.

Too Proud to Take Charity

On July 5, 1900, at Wolve Spruit, about 15 miles north of Standerton, 38 of Strathcona's men were attacked by 80 of the enemy. The odds were hopeless and the order to retire was given.

Sergeant Richardson's horse was wounded, but, looking back, he saw a wounded trooper lying by a dead horse.

Richardson turned, rode back through heavy fire, picked up the wounded man, and carried him to safety. It was this that brought him the V.C.

Afterwards Richardson fell into poverty. He was too proud to take charity; even from his kinsmen, and because he could not meet them as equals in worldly fortune he vanished from their ken.

A Brave, Lonely Tale

His V.C. would have been an asset in seeking for work, but he would not make a display of it. For 16 years he worked in the humblest ways in Liverpool.

Another man went to Buckingham Palace in his name. Someone else died bearing his name. He said nothing till the truth was forced out of him in 1924. Then he retired from people's eyes again. He did not want admiration, but he who had not feared death did fear pity.

Now he is gone, and his brave, lonely tale is over, and we may say of him that he won the V.C. twice over, once by his courage in War and again by his dauntless heroism in the adversity of Peace.

BEATING THE WIND

During a severe gale at Flamborough in Yorkshire a Treasury Note was blown out of a woman's hand and was quickly lost to sight.

She took another piece of paper and let that blow away too, and a nimble friend who followed it saw it come to rest under a wall, where, among a heap of litter, was the missing note! She had beaten the wind by her presence of mind.

THE QUIET CONDUCTOR

TRUE STORY OF A TRAM

A Peep at Life Today in a European Capital

ONE MORE HERO

From a Continental Correspondent

Most of us nowadays go about our work with the vague knowledge that all is *not* right with the world but no very clear realisation, unless our particular business happens to be to deal with other people's sufferings, of all that lies behind that phrase.

Then, suddenly, some poignant little incident, like a sharp-cornered stone, pierces the veil and we are given a glimpse of world behind world of suffering, privation, and heroic struggle.

This is what happened to the people of Hungary the other day, when they heard of a strange and sad little scene in a Budapest tram.

It was a very crowded car, so crowded that straphangers hung, not singly, but in bunches like grapes, and tempers were somewhat frayed at the edges in consequence. The conductor had to wend his way with no little deftness through the packed mass of humanity, and even so his wallet bumped against the side of a young man standing near the door.

A Young Man's Error

"Look out!" cried the young man, a new-fledged and rather self-important subaltern, angrily; "what d'you think you're doing, charging into people's ribs?"

The conductor, who was busy, mumbled something and passed on; whereupon the boy, either because he had not heard what the man said or because he had got out on the wrong side of his bed that morning, flew into a rage and shook his arm, demanding an instant apology and his name and number so that he might report him for impudence.

The conductor looked at him, said quietly that he had already apologised, and produced his identification card.

The young man glanced at it, blushed, and began to stammer an apology in his turn. For the card had shown him the disturbing fact that he had been black-guarding a superior officer, a disabled war veteran repeatedly decorated for distinguished service.

All in the Day's Work

The boy had the grace to be thoroughly ashamed of himself, and will probably be a much humbler person in future. The conductor, on the other hand, went on dealing out tickets as if nothing had happened. This sort of thing was all in the day's work for him.

Later the incident was brought up in the Hungarian House of Commons as a proof of the distressing situation of the war veterans, and it was shown that a perfectly appalling number of ex-officers and fully qualified doctors, lawyers, and civil engineers were employed as tram conductors, electricians, and plumbers, earning the equivalent of four to five pounds a month. More fortunate than some in being too busy to go hunger-marching, there is no doubt that some of these men have learned only too well what hunger means, both bodily hunger and the hunger of the soul.

THE WORLD MOVES ON

The taximen of London have formed a flying club with the idea of qualifying as air pilots, and London busmen have their own aeroplane club with a large membership.

So the world moves on.

The coachmen, when the motor traffic began to come in with a rush (in two senses), and the horse-bus drivers, if young enough, took up motoring in case they lost their jobs.

Now comes this further step. What will come next?

AN OLD LADY TAKES UP THE STORY

Five Shining Shillings

The young man who decided to spend a spare evening in taking round sandwiches to hungry people instead of whiling away the time at a night club, as our Town Girl told the other day, did more than he thought. This letter, sent to the C.N. anonymously, continues the story:

Dear Sir, I have read in the C.N. how to have a happy evening. I am wondering if you would kindly pass on this trifling sum of 5s to buy some more sandwiches for the poor homeless ones in St Martin's-in-the-Fields crypt.

I have not forgotten my hard times of 50 years ago, and it worries me to think of the terrible distress there is about now. I am only sorry I cannot make it pounds. I am an old working-woman in a hospital for incurables. I will think of you with gratitude if you will kindly render me this service.

We assure this old lady, whom we are proud to have as a reader, that her five shillings has already put heart into many a hungry body, and her letter will cheer hundreds of people who might not look so far back as fifty years for a hard time if they were in a hospital for incurables.

A Happy New Year to our old lady whose heart is still young and kind. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

DARBY AND JOAN GO TOGETHER

They were both 77. They had been married 54 years; and they died of influenza within four hours of each other.

He was Professor John Glaister, as well known in Scotland for his pathological work as Sir Bernard Spilsbury is in England. For nearly forty years he was chief medical expert for the Crown in Scottish criminal trials.

He died in the morning and she at midday, not knowing that he was waiting across the border to greet her.

THE HERRING AND THE WHALE

Aesop told us about the silly fish that jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Some equally silly fish jumped out of the whale's mouth into the frying-pan the other day.

Thousands of them rushed ashore on the Firth of Forth between Newmills and Culross. Along two miles of foreshore men were taking them from the shallow water whence they could not escape. They were 10 to 14 inches long, and belonged to the herring family.

Two whales have been seen in the upper reaches of the Forth, and the fisher-folk believe they frightened the herrings out of the deep water into the shallow.

SPAIN & HER LITTER LOUTS

Though Republican Spain, in most of her cities, still lacks up-to-date odourless drainage systems and really modern sanitary equipment for the removal of rubbish, she intends to improve these public services as soon as possible.

Meanwhile Spain is making efforts to fight her Litter Louts in every way she can. In a Madrid newspaper the other day a black-framed notice appeared, eight inches long by five wide, printed in big letters, which read as follows:

To break bottles, throw away empty tins, abandon papers and remnants of meals, when one eats in the open air is a grave breach of culture. The aspect of a public ground reveals the degree of education of the people who frequent it.

A FARMER IN THE TRENCHES

A Little Postscript to the Great War

LET IT HAPPEN NO MORE

More than 14 years after the Armistice Farmer Migrenne came close to losing his life in the trenches on December 14 last.

The horrible story brings home to us as clearly as does the whole debt tangle the fact that war brings evil in its wake for a long time after it is officially ended.

Farmer Migrenne was out hunting in Boulière Woods near Orgeval, and when neither man nor dog returned at nightfall the Migrennes became uneasy. The next day, when there was still no news of the missing, old Mr Migrenne went in search of his son. He hunted two days. Then he turned to the police.

An Old Dog-Out

The police found the huntsman's dog in the woods, staunchly guarding one spot and uttering piteous whines. No amount of whistling, coaxing, or threats could persuade the dog to leave its post. Close examination revealed the fact that the dog was guarding the caved-in entrance to an old dug-out into which its master had fallen 40 hours before. Farmer Migrenne was unconscious when the rescue party, with the aid of the dog, dug him out; but thanks to artificial respiration, which was immediately administered, his lungs were set working again and his life was saved.

Let no more such pitfalls for peaceful farmers be dug in any land.

A ROMAN STREET

16 Feet Under London

FIRST ROAD OF CAESAR'S LEGIONS IN THE CITY

A thrilling discovery has been made 16 feet below the pavement level in Lime Street, East London.

It is the first Roman road actually found in the city.

For three and a half centuries it was the main north and south thoroughfare.

Its discovery proves that the Roman bridge over the Thames was farther downstream than we thought, and it helps us to get a much truer reconstruction of Roman London. The road ran to the Basilica, the great Town Hall and Court of Justice in the Forum, the market-place. The remains of the Basilica were found under Leadenhall Market 50 years ago. Then the road ran on to Bishopsgate and the highway to the north.

All the southern traffic must have come into London along this road, after crossing the Thames close to Billingsgate.

Finds of pottery signed by well-known Roman potters show that the road was probably laid down in 60 A.D., and often repaired. It was 8 feet deep and about 30 feet wide.

It saw all the grandeur that was Roman Britain, and is the most romantic bit of thoroughfare in our romantic city.

SHARING

Hartley's, the Liverpool jam-makers, lately called their 1000 workers together to receive their 47th share of the profits of the firm; and they received nearly £10,000, a welcome Christmas-box.

Nearly 50 years ago the founder of the firm called a few of his staff together to tell them that his year's profits had been good; and he gave them a part as a Christmas gift. Every year since then the custom has persisted, and this time the daughter of the founder shook hands with every worker as she presented the money.

A VILLAGE TALE

RICH OLD MAN AND HIS FRIENDS

The Postman, the Carpenter, and the Saddler's Apprentice

WHAT A KIND OLD WORLD IT IS

Mr Lewington of Ramsbury, a Wiltshire village, has been the bearer of much good news in his time; but now he has retired from the rôle of village postman, and it is his turn to have exciting letters brought to him.

One arrived before Christmas to say that a friend had left him £100. Farther down the street Sidney Smith, a saddler's apprentice, was waving in his hand a similar letter. He had been left £25. By the same post the village carpenter found himself richer by £500.

But that was not all. The village soon learned that Mrs Talmage had received £2500 and her husband a sum of £2000, while several other people heard of sums coming to them varying in amount from £100 to £2000.

Never was there such talking on the doorsteps, such calling over garden fences, such smiles, as were everywhere in Ramsbury that day; and yet there was a sadness too, for all this money came from the best friend the village ever had, an old man of 85, whose patriarchal figure, with flowing white beard and hair, would never pass down their street again. For Mr Alfred Oakes was going out into the Universe.

A Friend of the Children

For forty years this village had been his home, and these people his friends. When his wife died, and one by one the servants left and the weeds grew in the drive and his big house echoed emptily, they did their best to cheer him; and Mrs Talmage, who as a young girl had worked for Mr and Mrs Oakes, saw that he was looked after properly and cooked his meals for him. For thirty years she mothered him, and not only has he left her and her husband £4500, but each of her ten children has a legacy.

This mining engineer gave his money in his lifetime too, and one of the nicest things he ever did was to invest £1000 so that there should always be money to give the village schoolchildren an annual outing. Not many villages can boast such a friend as Alfred Oakes.

THE OLD CAR

At Little Missenden in Buckinghamshire there has been a complaint about the dustmen.

A householder left some refuse, and they refused to remove it. What are dustmen paid for, except to remove refuse? The householder appears to have a case, until it is explained that the refuse in question was an old car.

After all, one must draw the line somewhere.

THINGS SAID

Let me be entirely polite.

Sir John Simon

I do not think an old lunatic asylum is at all a bad place for a War Museum.

Lord Conway

Two months out of work taught me a great deal of my duty to my neighbour.

Mr Lansbury

Words are indeed mysterious things. Some have made Revolutions, others have founded Religions.

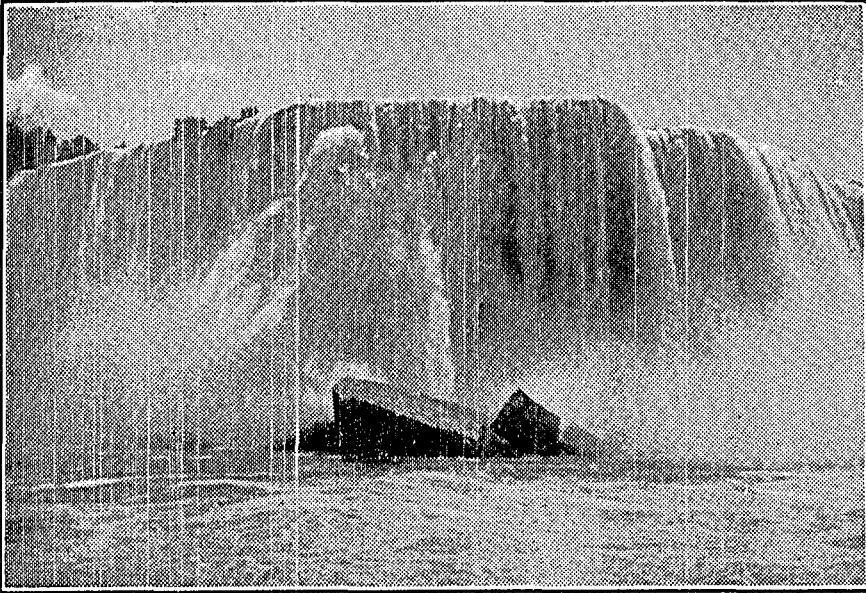
Mr Augustine Birrell

A year's study of any newspaper can provide the material for the most marvellous book ever written.

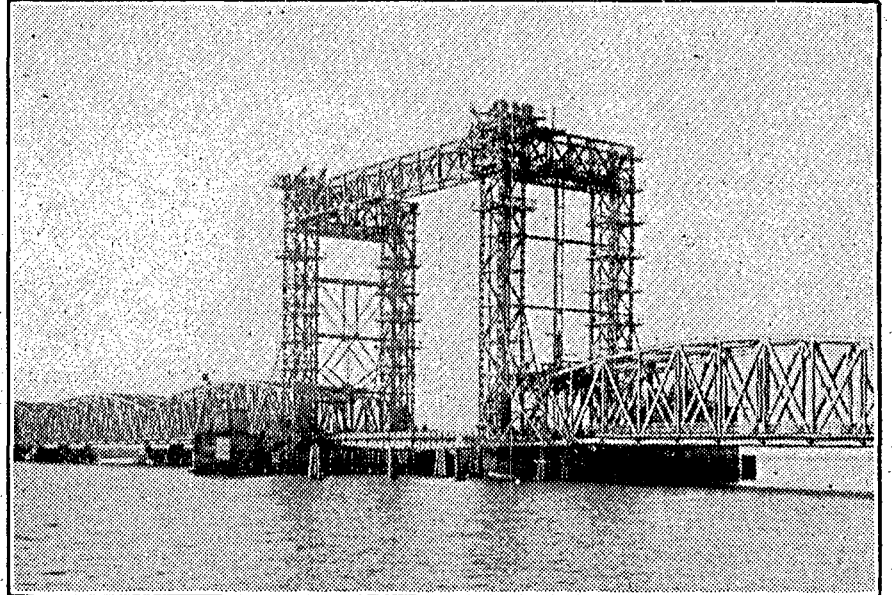
Dr A. J. Cronin

My father said to his potential daughters-in-law, "Well, my dear, it is the first time I have met you; can you cook a potato?" Sir Percy Hurd, M.P.

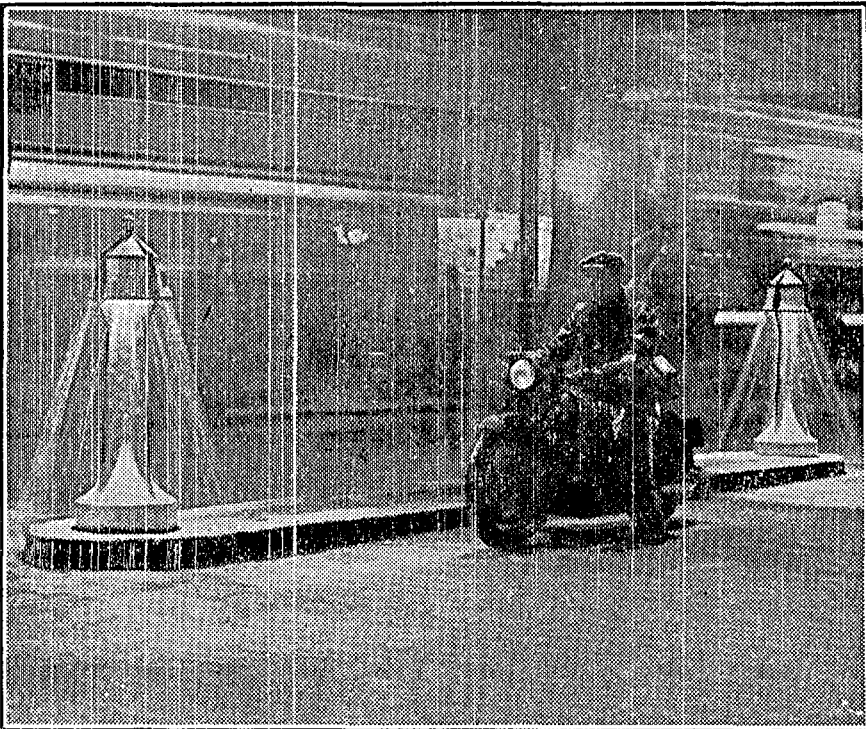
STREET LIGHTHOUSES · FILMING A LION · A NEW LIFT BRIDGE



Mighty Niagara—This impressive picture, taken from a steamboat, shows part of the Horseshoe Fall on the Canadian side of Niagara. Some figures can just be seen on the left.



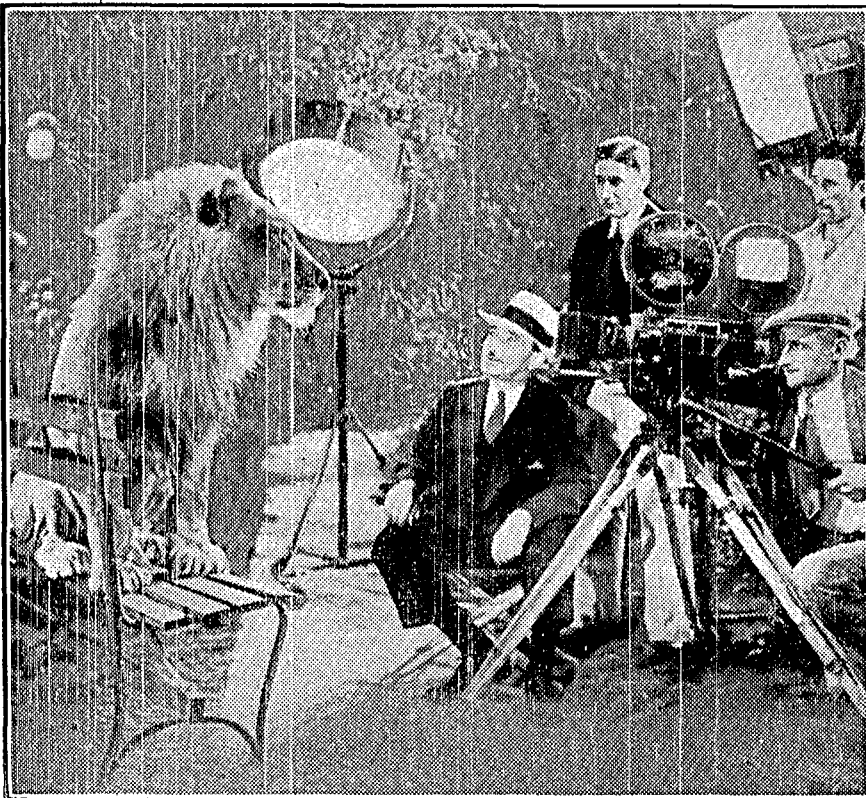
German Lift Bridge—A new railway bridge has been built over the River Peene, near Swinemunde, on the German Baltic coast. A section rises like a lift to allow ships to pass.



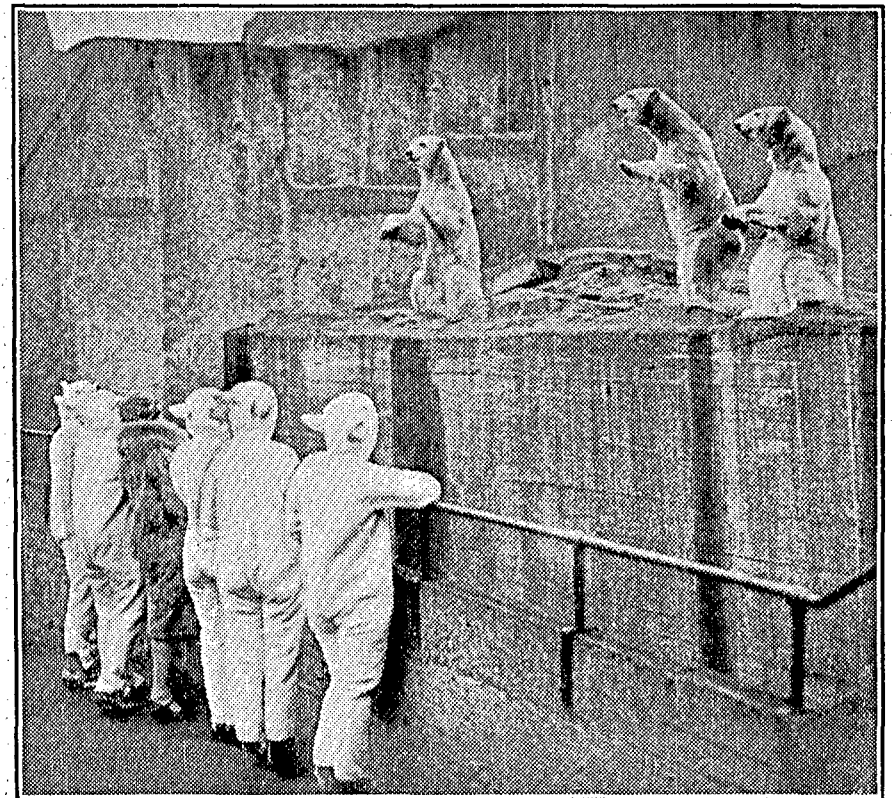
Safety Lights—Very conspicuous is this refuge in the middle of the Embankment at Charing Cross. It has two pillars painted yellow and crimson, lighted by concealed lamps at the top.



Looking Down on the Docks—Judging by the view these men are working on a tall building, but actually they are on the deck of the Aquitania high in the floating-dock at Southampton.



A Docile Lion—The lion sits patiently on a seat while a moving-picture of him is taken in America. No doubt he is wondering what all the fuss is about.



Studying the Originals—Girls dressed as Polar bears recently gave a skating display at a London ice-rink. They had previously visited the Zoo to study the capers of real bears.

CHINA'S NEW CHAPTER

HOW IT IS BEING WRITTEN

What the League is Doing in the Far East

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION

A new chapter in Chinese history opened when the Government turned to the League of Nations for help in its rebuilding.

Some pages of the chapter have already been written. Three months ago a trunk road, 135 miles long, running from Shanghai to Hangchow, was opened.

Four other such roads are under construction which will link up from two to three thousand miles of others already in use. They are not expected as yet to be first-class motoring routes, but they will serve for buses and freight.

They are 24 feet wide with ten feet of paving at the sides, and are made of broken brick with a layer of either cinders or crushed shells. The signals along them are all of the standard pattern brought into use by international agreement through the League.

A Complicated Puzzle

The road opened in October connects up with a landing-stage and ferry boats, one of these boats being of steel with a Diesel engine; the other of wood driven by man-power; while a third is planned which will carry 150 passengers and 10 motor-cars.

The construction of these roads is undertaken by the Highways Department of the National Economic Council, and every stage in the work is approved by League Transport Experts.

Another page in China's new chapter is concerned with schemes to prevent floods, an extremely complicated puzzle, since some of China's rivers do not run out to sea! But even this is being solved by the Chinese authorities with the aid and advice of these Transport Experts of the League.

Still another page of vast importance tells of changes in education and the educational system. Long hours of listening to lectures, little or no time for play, no individual work or corporate school-life, have given little chance to Chinese children or students to understand the part they may be called upon to play in the great changes that are taking place around them.

Expert Advice

With all the will in the world and with full knowledge of the need for improvement the authorities did not see how best to bring this about until, at their Government's request, the four Educational Experts of the League (from London, Paris, Berlin, and Warsaw) came to their aid.

As with the transport, so with the education. The Chinese produced their schemes and submitted them in every detail to the experts for advice.

No need to think that they were losing dignity in so doing; no need to wonder what they must give in exchange; no need to take over the system of some other country to graft it on their own; every need to sort and sift all that was offered and choose the most suitable for their own requirements.

So does China's new chapter of history open. Revolution, civil war, internal disorder and external aggression, and now the great chance of building up the State on the best methods obtainable and making a reality of true international cooperation.

ANYWHERE IN THE MORNING

Nothing except national rivalry prevents a letter posted in any European capital reaching any other capital the following morning by air mail.

The New Statesman

NEW ZEALAND IS SPLENDID

An Offer To Pay

Immediately after the Government had paid the War Debt to America it received a generous offer from New Zealand, which was as welcome as it was prompt.

At the time of the Hoover Moratorium we informed the Dominions to whom we had lent money during the war that they could cease paying their annual contributions. New Zealand's annual payment amounts to about £1,750,000. New Zealand has now declared that if our offer was made because at the time we assumed that we should not have to pay America, she regards herself as bound to assume liability again, in spite of the difficulties under which she is at present suffering.

At the time of the discussion with America, before we paid, the Prime Minister of Australia said that if England paid America the Australians would have to bear their share of the burden. South Africa, whose annual contribution is much smaller, about £330,000, paid us last year all the same.

Our Government has replied to New Zealand that as we are not yet asking our European debtors to pay us, because we desire to keep the Lausanne Agreement in being, we do not wish our Dominions to pay.

LOOKING BACK

What Happened in a London Church

It is good sometimes to look back into the Past.

That is what the congregation did at St Mark's Church, South Norwood, when a very interesting idea was carried out one evening. Their peep into the past took them back 200 years: the service was according to the Prayer Book then in use, and there was no choir and no organ. The music was provided by a flute-player, who rendered the hymn tunes after the parish clerk had read out the first verse of each hymn. Then the congregation sang the hymns in unison.

The altar was draped in black and the vicar wore his surplice without a cassock. The preacher was the Archdeacon of Canterbury, who wore a black gown with white bands, and he reminded his listeners that although they were looking back 200 years the church they were sitting in was no doubt far better lighted and much more comfortably warm than in the old days.

It is good to look back even if it merely serves to show how much better off we are in the matter of comfort.

SAFETY-FIRST ROAD

A Car Through a Mountain

So dangerous had become the coast road from Penmaenmawr to Conway owing to the falls of rock that the Caernarvon County Council determined to replace it by a tunnel.

This tunnel is now open to traffic and has proved one more triumph for the road engineer. Cut through the solid rock of the base of a mountain this new tunnel is 188 yards long, 34 feet wide, and 21 feet high. It was constructed without any accident from falling rock, which in itself is a great achievement.

The old road which Telford built round Penmaenbach headland will be reserved for walkers, who will continue to make use of it for the glorious views of the coastline of North Wales which can be obtained from it.

Two smaller tunnels and a viaduct are to be constructed at the neighbouring headland of Penyclip to carry the road past that similar danger-point.

The point about this new road is that it is being built as a safety-first scheme and not to save time and distance.

FRANCE

Paul Boncour and His Cabinet

FINANCE MINISTER'S BUTCHER'S SHOP

The French Cabinet which has succeeded that of M. Herriot resembles it in many respects, a fact which will be welcomed by all who appreciate the new peace spirit in the policy of France.

The Prime Minister, M. Paul Boncour, is essentially a League of Nations man, having succeeded M. Briand as permanent delegate to Geneva. He is a great advocate of the idea of an International Army. For twelve years he was a member of the Socialist party, and but for this his great ability would have brought him to the head of the Government before. He is now an Independent.

The next outstanding figure in the Cabinet is M. Chéron, the Minister of Finance. With a Budget that will not balance, M. Chéron has a difficult task, but when he gave up this office in 1929 he had proved so successful that he left 19,000 million francs in the Treasury for his successors to squander. He is a man with ideas, as his experiment as Mayor of Lisieux showed. The local butchers were making enormous profits, so he opened a municipal shop where meat was sold at nearly half their price.

THE MAN AMONG SHARKS

Postmen Who Meet Something Worse Than a Dog

Mr Ramsay, a postman who has been swimming backward and forward for eleven years, has retired.

His round was not, as might be supposed, in one of our flooded areas, but in the Pacific Ocean, on an island of the Tonga Group called Niua-Fu.

The island is encircled by coral reefs and strong currents, which make it dangerous for boats to approach. When the mail boat comes from New Zealand each month it anchors nearly a mile from shore, and the native postmen have to swim out to it. The first carries the month's letters in a cleft stick and drops them into a bucket lowered over the ship's side.

Then a biscuit tin with the mails for delivery, sealed and attached to a rope, is dropped overboard and steered to the shore by the swimming postmen as fast as wind and tide will allow.

Our postmen might envy these fellows their pleasant swim, but we assure them it is better to cope with fanatical dogs than to have a shark or two as companions on one's round. The sea is often infested with sharks, but the islanders are expert shark-killers, and it is rarely that the swimming postmen come to any harm.

THE QUICK LEAGUE

Settling the Persian Dispute

In promptly referring the Persian oil dispute to the League the British Government has shown the world how great an advance is possible on the old methods for the settlement of international quarrels.

In the old days a battleship would have been dispatched, tempers lost, lives and property destroyed, and a little war would have quickly followed.

The League has acted within a month of the cancellation of the Concession by Persia, and, appealing to both parties to take no steps which would aggravate the position, has fixed an early date for a detailed examination of the question.

Both sides can thus rest assured that their rights will be impartially considered by the League, which proves once more that it is one of the most workable institutions in the world.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A Friendly Place in the Tower

LITTLE ONES AT HOME IN A LANCASHIRE CHURCH

A wonderful little Children's Corner is growing up beneath the tower of a Lancashire church, St Mary's in Nelson; and the most inspiring thing about it is the way it has been formed.

The Ten Pounds that started it was given by the children themselves. It represents the money for their treasured Sunday School prizes, which they one and all enthusiastically gave up so that this far more treasured Children's Corner might be formed.

Blue and silver will be the colour of the chairs, reading-table, and bookshelves, and the C.N. is proud to know that it is to have a place on that table, while the Children's Encyclopedia is also to be on the shelves, together with Arthur Mee's Children's Bible, One Thousand Beautiful Things, and the little volume of all the Words of Jesus issued by the Editor last year under the title *Jesus Said*.

Abiding Gladness

In the centre is to be a picture of the Feeding of the Multitude, showing the lad who gave up his five loaves and two small fishes as these children gave up their prizes. The Vicar, the Rev A. H. Candler, has himself written these lines in dedication to the children:

For Christ to use and all to share
This lad gave up his homely fare,
Five barley loaves, two fishes small,
Christ took and blessed; and all were filled.
And what abiding gladness thrilled
The boy whose food had fed them all.

These children mostly come from homes affected by troubles in the cotton industry, yet so real is their joy in giving that others are already following their example. The members of the choir have offered to give up their annual outing and to raise money for a much-needed vestry; while over and over again the vicar is stopped by someone whose happy look belies the anxious days as he or she slips a few shillings into his hand to help with the Children's Corner.

We are proud to be among people like these, and we love to think of our own corner in the Children's Corner. We wish a long and happy life to every child who sits here for a while.

THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS

In one of the new books on old times we came across this saying by the Duchess of Devonshire whose portrait by Gainsborough everyone knows.

Everyone knows, too, that her loveliness made a workman cry out that her eyes were so bright he could light his pipe at them; and almost everyone knows that the lovely creature was frivolous and extravagant.

Yet there was a streak in her character not so well known.

When she thought she was dying she gave this last message to her son: *Be brave, and always speak the truth.*

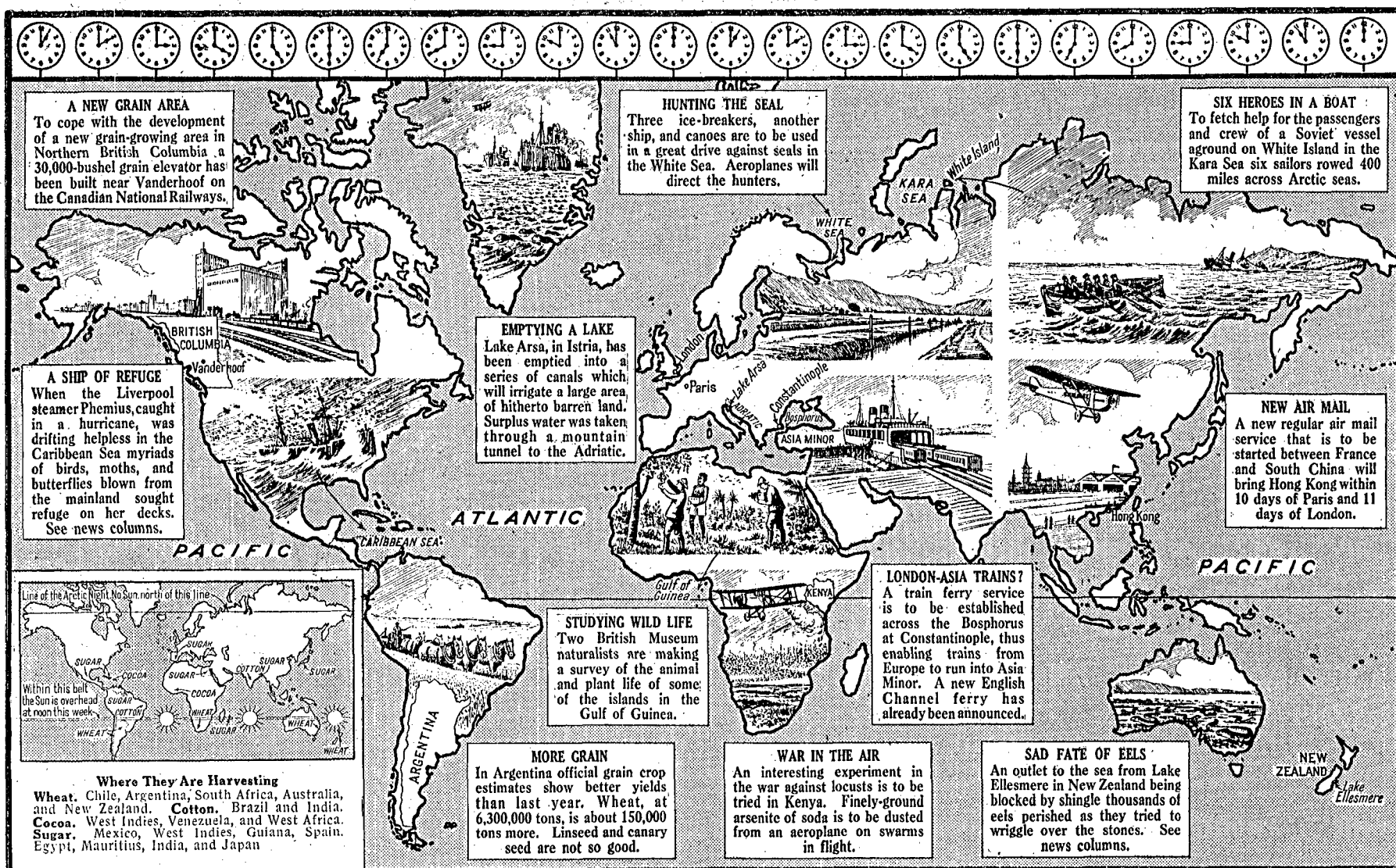
It might have been said by Cromwell or by Joan of Arc.

THE PAINTED ASS

Pavlova lived for her art, and so she did not have a very adventurous or exciting life, as we find from her husband's newly-published book about her. It was all work, work, work.

But excitement did come once. The Don Quixote ballet was being given in London, and an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. came to the stage door, asking to inspect Sancho Panza's donkey. A member of the audience had been horrified by the emaciated appearance of the poor creature. But the inspector found that Neddy was as fat as butter; his ribs were painted!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE C.N. CROSSES THE EARTH

A Fast Trip in a Mailbag

Half-way round the world to New Zealand in a month!

Few of us can go on long voyages like that, but the C.N. is sailing to all sorts of interesting places in all sorts of lands, sailing away from London every week.

The C.N. does not travel in a first-class cabin, but in a mailbag, along with countless other newspapers, letters, and packets. The halfpenny stamp on the wrapper of the C.N. is its passport, its steamer ticket, its railway ticket.

The Editor of the C.N. has just received a wrapper that a reader in New Zealand has returned, in order to show how fast the C.N. speeds across 12,000 miles of land and sea to the farthest part of the Empire.

Across the halfpenny stamp is a postmark: London, E.C., 5 Oct., 1932, showing when the C.N. set out on its long journey. Beside it is another postmark, Morrinsville, N.Z., 8 Nov., 1932, showing when the C.N. reached the end of its journey.

So the C.N. travelled half-way round the world in just about a month. The humble green halfpenny stamp was a veritable magic carpet to waft it from the heart of London to the heart of the New Zealand countryside!

How much faster our letters travel compared with the letters our grandfathers and great-grandfathers wrote! The reader in New Zealand who sends us back this much-travelled C.N. wrapper tells us that when his grandparents emigrated to New Zealand 90 years ago their ships left London in September and did not see the coast of New Zealand until the end of January. There were only sailing ships to carry passengers and mails in those days.

A new streamlined electric train has made the journey between Berlin and Hamburg, about 180 miles, at a speed of 76 miles an hour.

MR SMITH OF BERKSHIRE The Happy Man

When he was seven Mr C. W. Smith started work on a farm at West Lockinge in Berkshire.

He is seventy now, and is still at work on the same farm, and likely to be for some time to come.

During those 63 years the farm has had three masters, but Smith was always there to look after the horses. Tractors came, but still there were a few horses needing old Smith's care, and there still are.

Not one day's unemployment has he had, and his days used to be 15 hours long. No time for education, he can neither read nor write; but he is content. For news he has the doings of West Lockinge; for literature his memories. Work has kept him fit, and pride in his work keeps him happy.

We send our best wishes to Mr Smith of West Lockinge, the man who has no regrets.

HEARTS OF OAK

The Liverpool steamer Phemius had a very hard voyage, and the endurance of her crew is beyond praise. They are to have a little civic praise from the Lord Mayor and citizens when they at last make port.

They encountered a hurricane on November 6 in the Caribbean Sea, and the Phemius was disabled. Six days of terrible hardship followed, for not only were cabins flooded, but storerooms also, and bully beef and hard tack only could be rescued for meals.

Sharks followed the foundering ship all the time, and the decks were littered with myriads of birds, butterflies, and moths, dashed there by the wind, roaring along at 200 miles an hour.

Waves were 80 feet high, and one funnel went over, two boats were smashed, the steam head lost, and all the fires went out.

When they arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, the whole crew went and gave thanks in church. See World Map

THE BRAVE MEN OF PEACE

Not Less Renowned Than War

Here is a noble example of the saying of the industrial North that it takes the poor to help the poor.

Miners of the Bickerstaffe Colliery in Lancashire met the other day to vote help for their stricken comrades of the Ashton-in-Makerfield pit disaster. They are all poor men, yet £30 had been promised when they left the meeting.

And then outside they found that a fire had started in their own pit, with a shift still at work below. From the heroism of "going without that others may share" they dashed to the rescue. Brave deeds followed brave words.

The winder steadily continued winding up cage after cage of men, although surrounded by blazing buildings.

The boilermen kept up the steam pressure in the boilers under the raging fire itself.

The under-manager coolly descended the pit and marshalled the 140 men out of the workings without fuss or panic.

All were saved, but the 500 men of Bickerstaffe are now out of work, and it will be weeks before they can start again. Everyone would understand if they kept the £30 for themselves, but the idea never even entered their heads. They are still hoping to collect even more for those worse off than themselves.

Of such stuff are miners made.

A SURPRISE FOR CHRISTMAS

A German out-of-work living at Duren has just received from France a registered letter containing several hundred-franc notes.

This was sent by a French officer who was badly wounded in 1917 and abandoned between the lines. A German soldier from Duren saved his life. The French officer says in the letter that he has had the greatest trouble to find his preserver, but now asks him to come to his home in the South of France and spend some weeks with him.

SAD FATE OF EELS

Thousands Cut Off From the Sea THE SHINGLE BARRIER

Thousands of eels making their way from rivers to the sea have perished because the outlet of Lake Ellesmere, New Zealand, was blocked by shingle.

The rivers flow into this lake, which is shut off from the sea by a narrow bar of shingle. Usually there is an outlet through the shingle for the water to flow to the sea, but sometimes the action of the sea blocks up the outlet.

The eel hatched far out at sea makes its way to inland waters in response to the call of Nature. When it is full grown its fate is to return to the sea again and then to perish.

The eels in New Zealand found that the outlet from the coastal lake was blocked for the time being with shingle, and so, impelled by Nature, they tried to wriggle their way overland, perishing on the shingle before they reached the sea. See World Map

A GREAT SNOW MAN

In the early days of the holidays there was a deep fall of snow in Geneva, and the taxi-drivers retained for the Japanese delegation of the League of Nations filled up their long times of waiting by going into the Jardin Anglais and making a snow man.

They chose for their model the man beloved by all the peoples, whether in Berlin, Paris, Rome, or Geneva, the Apostle of Peace, Aristide Briand.

He died broken-hearted, but the common people have not forgotten him.

A STEAM GIANT FOR RUSSIA

Manchester has just sent to Russia what is claimed to be the biggest locomotive ever built in Europe.

It is a steam giant 109 feet long, weighing 260 tons, and it can pull a trainload of 2500 tons. This great engine was built in the Gorton works of Beyer, Peacock & Company.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 7 1933

Silence

OFTEN when we come into a room Silence seems to know that we have come. Silence is something that knows us better than our nearest friends.

If within those quiet walls we take up a book to read, or a pen to write with, it is watching our bending heads: it is hearing in its heart our own heart-throbs, those silent hammers which beat the seconds of life. Also it knows that its own soundless voice can be more eloquent than many tongues.

It has learned through the ages the harm that sound can do, and the hurt one man can cause in speaking to another. We have been told that he who keeps his tongue keeps his soul, which seems to mean that he who can sometimes have silence as a friend keeps his treasures in his heart. For silence has learned also that in address, greeting, and converse there may be beauty and sincerity, but that often speech is used merely as a cloak to hide, rather than to reveal, what a man honestly thinks.

We are not told of any answer that the rich young ruler made. He turned and went away in sorrow; it seems that he did not speak, but whenever his story has been told down the long years that silence of his has voiced his inaudibility, and given scope for our imaginations.

At times we cannot speak for sorrow; at others for joy. We are speechless with amazement, with indignation. Words fail us, but silence speaks for us then more eloquently than all the exclamations which were ever invented. What more affecting than the silence of the guns after the din of war?

Silence is an instrument of many strings, each strung on a harp which is dumb. Or, again, it is a statue, and we like to think of it as a beautiful statue, a figure which, although carved in stone, is yet of such grace and beauty of form that we stand before it rapt in wonder at its exquisiteness. The action may be that of running, blessing, thinking, sleeping; whatever it is it speaks for itself, the figure-head of the great silences of the Universe, built from the most immobile part of Earth, for it is hewn from the very foundation of the world, rock. It is from rock of stone or marble that man carves his inarticulate thoughts, and breathes into the quiet statuary the breath of his life.

If a room could speak our silences, and tell of our stillness, let us hope that it would say:

Here have I, who dwell so many hours with the silence that is in life, here have I, his room, discovered that a man alone with his silences is living his best moments.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Anyone Will Do

BUT who do you expect me to make friends with? asked the rather keep-myself-to-myself person of the Philosopher, adding that she lived among strangers.

"With the nearest stranger," the Philosopher answered smilingly.

What is Liberalism?

THERE have been divisions in the Liberal party, and perhaps there are people who are hazy about the meaning of this great word. At any rate Mr Augustine Birrell has just given a definition of it.

If we read him aright Liberalism is not a set of iron dogmas, but a way of looking at things, a habit of mind, and "a determination if possible never to use a word without attaching a meaning to it."

How greatly journalism would be improved if all journalists were Liberals like that!

Home or Mars?

WE agree with Dean Inge that the colonisation of the planets is very far off, but how odd it is that we should all be interested in such a possibility.

It is like the human mind to discuss the chance of getting to Mars before making decent arrangements to travel about our own world. As for ourselves we hope that science will first enable us to reach comfortably and quickly all the places in our own country which are only too difficult of access. Most of us are still going home at night at George Stephenson's pace.

The Gentlemen of the Road

THIS happening, seen in Somerset the other day, has set us thinking of all that the great god Speed has driven from our highways.

A funeral procession was passing slowly down the road. Cars and cyclists dashed by without heed; but a party of gipsies pulled up their caravans as the sad procession went by, and all the men stood bareheaded.

We are glad that a few gentlemen are still left on our roads to leaven this speed-mad generation.

Made in Sheffield

WE have heard once more from Sheffield about the poor pen-knife made there, and we gather that the words "Made in Sheffield" may appear on any article, whether good, bad, or indifferent, if it is made in Sheffield. It seems that we must look for the name of the maker if we wish to be quite sure that it is good.

That, no doubt, is reasonable in a world like this; but the C.N. hopes to see a world in which every city will be so proud of its name that it will refuse to allow it to appear on anything that is not good. If Sheffield will move toward this ideal she will render a great service to us all.

The Greatest Piece of Statesmanship

MR JOHN DRINKWATER, who has been saying many wise things in his lectures in America, said one thing that cannot be repeated too often.

Whatever the world may say about President Wilson in the years to come, we believe it is certain to agree with Mr Drinkwater that the best piece of statesmanship for fifty years was Mr Wilson's insisting on having the Covenant of the League of Nations put in the first chapter of the Treaty of Versailles.

But for that its enemies would have destroyed the League long ago, so powerful is Evil in this world. In this case Good was more powerful still, and we have Mr Wilson to thank for it, and no one else.

Tip-Cat

A LADY writes to the papers advocating knitting parties. You would want strong needles.

GOOD looks will not take the average girl far. Unless she is far-sighted.

IT is not difficult to make pastry, declares a housewife. But it is sometimes hard.

SOMEONE suggests having a swimming-pool at the House of Commons.

Even without it many members get out of their depth.

SOME tourists cannot sleep in foreign hotels. They shouldn't book a passage.

PEOPLE who get up a play always hope that it will go down.

WOMEN win many prizes at dog shows.

we are told. This seems neither fair nor flattering.

MAKE a habit of spending all you can afford, says a speaker. But you want a bit of change.

FLYERS can get from London to Brighton in a flash. An aeroplane is safer.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

GUILDFORD had no unemployed in Christmas Week.

THERE were 78,000 new telephones in this country last year.

FREE allotments are being offered to the unemployed at Molesey in Surrey.

JUST AN IDEA

When a Civilisation, with machinery to meet the vital needs of mankind many times over, cannot prevent thirty million people from going hungry, ill-clad, and idle, such a civilisation is doomed to extinction.

Depression Jokes

It will soon be over.

ADAPTING ourselves to the Depression, they say, is merely doing without what our grandfathers never had. Well, one of the things Grandfather never had was a Depression like this.

MR HOOVER thinks we can make good times by buying a car. It is so much better to ride when we look for a job.

THE old sailor man, keeping his rooth birthday in the Great Slump, has seen the Slump coming since the Atlantic liners gave up sails.

THE Depression will soon be over, we are told; anyway, if we take the Optimist with a grain of salt it will help the salt business.

THERE is a good time coming—Buy and Buy.

THINGS in the country being just as bad as they can be, John, don't you think I had better get that new hat before they get worse?

AT any rate, the more we Slump today the less there is to Slump tomorrow.

IT will be more than we can stand when the Great Slump ends to read Lord Beaverbrook explaining how his lordship ended it.

WE have no Depression in Los Angeles (says a correspondent there), but will admit we are having the worst boom in many, many years.

A TIME seems to have come when we are not sure whether the way to end the Depression is to press down the accelerator button or the brake pedal.

HAS there ever been a Depression like this before? somebody asked a great economist. Yes, said he, the Dark Ages; they lasted five hundred years!

AT last we shall get so used to the Depression that we shall forget we are depressed.

IT seems pretty well agreed that the peak of the Depression is passed, but the trouble is that it may be worse at the bottom.

THE Depression will be worn out by 1934, we read. So shall we.

WE are sorry to disillusion you, but the corner round which Prosperity is turning has not yet been located.

THE best Depression joke will be the last.

This Man and That Man

That low man seeks a little thing to do, Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to pursue, Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one, His hundred's soon hit:

This high man, aiming at a million, Misses a unit.

That, has the world here—should he need the next, Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed Seeking shall find Him.

Robert Browning

PLAYING WITH THE SLUMS

A RIDICULOUS BILL

The Government Nibbling At An Appalling Problem

PARLIAMENT AND DILLY-DALLY

The C.N. confesses with regret its deep conviction that unless this Government can be forced by public opinion to make radical changes in its new Housing Bill very little progress can be made in removing the most appalling blot on our civilisation, our Slums.

If the Government cannot do something for Slums it must surrender for ever its claim to be National, and the nation will know what to do.

A Few Figures

It has been estimated that 9,000,000 of our fellow-citizens are living in overcrowded conditions, yet all the Government propose to do is to clear away the wretched houses in which these people live at the rate of 12,000 a year, at an estimated cost of about £150,000. When the Minister of Health, who moved the Second Reading of the Bill, was asked how many houses needed clearing and how long the work would take at the proposed rate he was unable to give an answer. We can give some idea.

There is no person living who will see the end of the slums at the rate they will be dealt with under this Bill.

Here are a few figures which throw light on the size of the evil. In Leeds and Bradford alone there are over 100,000 houses built back to back so that no proper ventilation is possible—a scandal which has been declared intolerable for 25 years at least. Birmingham has 40,000 such homes. In London there are 100,000 people living in 30,000 basement dwellings. In Scotland 2,000,000 people are living more than two persons to a room. And yet the Government thinks that 12,000 a year should be the rate at which slum houses should be cleared away!

Unfit For Human Beings

It was to their credit that some of the Government's supporters protested by speech, if not by vote, against the hopeless inadequacy of the proposals. Sir Austen Chamberlain told the Minister of Health that he could take him to house after house, to court after court, in West Birmingham that were not fit for a human being to dwell in. He could not endure to see his own kith and kin there. If he lived under such conditions he did not think that his head would govern his actions, he would feel that there was something rotten in the State that permitted them to exist. We wonder how many of the Government's 12,000 houses would be Birmingham's share.

Another Conservative, Lord Eustace Percy, declared that the Government was merely nibbling at this problem.

Adding To the Slums

One of the great dangers in not making a bold onslaught on slums is that year by year there is an addition to the slum condition of neighbourhoods, especially in times like these when through unemployment millions of people are compelled to move into smaller dwellings and live in a more congested way.

Many of the social workers who have studied the problem at first hand consider that other parts of this new Housing Bill will intensify rather than relieve the problem. The Government is proposing to abolish the subsidy to local authorities and leave the building of houses to private enterprise; but it is generally agreed that in a city like London private enterprise cannot build the smaller and cheaper types of houses

HOW WE PAY A HERO BACK

A MAN who risked his life fighting for England has been ordered by our Government to leave our shores.

This is the cruel and idiotic effect of the intense nationalism which has affected all the great countries since the war which was to make men free.

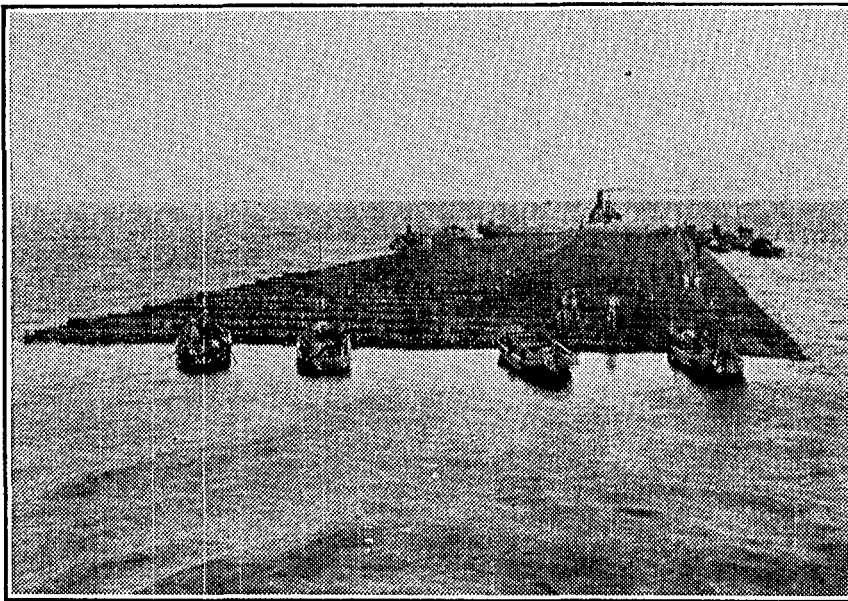
The man, who is regarded as an alien under our laws, came to England as a child with his Italian parents when our doors were open for all.

During the war he preferred to join the British Army to travelling to Italy and serving with men who were strangers. By fighting for us he forfeited his Italian citizenship, and though he served us with credit he did not acquire our

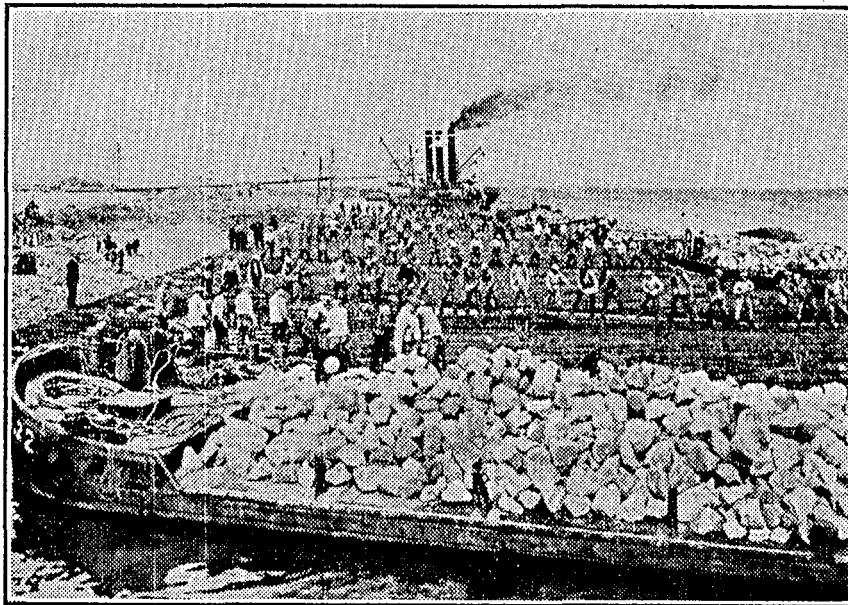
nationality. He emigrated to Canada and crossed the border into the United States, where his wife and family joined him and became naturalised, a privilege refused to himself as he had entered without a permit. When this fact was found out he was expelled, and went to Italy. There he was regarded as an alien and forced to leave, so he came once more to England.

He has been here since May, and when we last heard of him he had been ordered to return to Italy. It seems that this old hero of ours, who offered his life for us, will have to find an unclaimed island: if there is one left in the four quarters of this mad world.

LAYING A NEW BED IN THE SEA



Towing one of the rafts into position



Preparing to sink a raft

The engineers who are reclaiming the Zuyder Zee discovered that the foundations of the locks in the great dyke were threatened by the action of the current when the sluices were opened. This has been counteracted by building osier rafts on a zinc framework, loading them with stones, and sinking them near the locks.

Continued from the previous column

that are required. In rural areas, too, cottages cannot be built at rents which the worker on the land can afford.

It seems to us that the whole policy is wrong, and that once more Parliament is dilly-dallying with this appalling problem. The Government should withdraw the whole Bill, substituting another which will encourage local authorities to do more and not less toward housing the poorer workers and attack the slums in real earnest, fixing a time limit in which they should be cleared from the face of our land.

If the Government, with all its power, cannot deal with slums of which the whole nation is ashamed, it will declare itself a helpless Ministry, to the intense disappointment of the whole mass of the people of these islands.

HOW TO SAVE £25,000,000

Talking to technical students not long ago Mr A. C. Bosson, the architect M.P., laid great stress on the importance of the work of students in industry during the next quarter of a century.

Methods of construction are being drastically modified, he said, and new methods will show how much has been wasted through lack of organisation in the building trades.

The wastage on brickwork alone, through working drawings not being sufficiently detailed, is estimated at 10 per cent. As our national building programme is some £250,000,000, a saving of 10 per cent would mean £25,000,000, enough to solve our housing problem. So that we could rebuild the slums by being efficient!

THANK YOU, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI

A DICTATOR DICTATES NOBLY

Turning An Island From a Trap To a Sanctuary

AXEL MUNTHE'S LITTLE BIRDS

More little birds than ever will this year sing out Old Winter and sing in the Spring. For this we must praise two great men, Mussolini and Axel Munthe, the Swedish doctor of Capri.

Between them they have turned the island of Capri into a bird sanctuary instead of a vast snare for tired, fluttering migrants on their way from one country to another. This is what the island was, with nets and traps spread to catch the tiny creatures, so that, instead of flying on to sing among the apple blossom in an English orchard some were put into pies and some into cages. Hundreds were squeezed alive into boxes and sent to expensive restaurants to make an epicure's dinner.

The Story of San Michele

It was horrible, the slaughter and the cruelty that went on in this island of beauty within sight of Naples. In his Story of San Michele Axel Munthe has described his fight for these little birds, who, tired with long flight, thought flower-decked Capri a haven and found it a cruel trap, which scattered their shining feathers and stilled their song for ever. He even bought a hillside from a protesting butcher, so that at least one bit of Capri should be true to its beauty and a safe resting-place for the birds he loved. He preached for them, he fought for them, he pleaded for them; but the bird-snarers laughed and continued their terrible business on ground where he had no power.

But now the one man in the world who could stop this thing has come to his aid. Signor Mussolini, having read his book, has decreed that the whole of the island is to be a sanctuary for wild birds, and anyone found trapping them at any time of the year will be severely punished.

Truth Advancing

No wonder that Axel Munthe writes to his English friend Lord Howard, another great bird-lover, saying:

What it means to me you will realise better than most people. Indeed, it means the crowning success of my book. It means the saving of the lives every spring of thousands of exhausted migratory birds, many of them on their way to inaugurate summer in an English garden. If this is not literary success I really do not know what literary success means. La verité est en marche, my friend!

In his letter of thanks to Mussolini Dr Munthe truly remarked that Mussolini could not have entrusted the propaganda abroad for the cause he personifies to more eloquent messengers than these thousands and thousands of missionaries of the sky.

Courage That Endures

As for Dr Munthe himself, we wonder if he realises quite all that his book has meant to the world, with its courage and understanding, its humour and beauty. Few books have sold in such numbers. It has been translated into 17 languages, including Hebrew. It must have brought him a fortune. Yet nothing compares in his mind with the fact that countless little birds are safe because of it.

For the past few years Dr Munthe's sight has been failing, but we know that he has the courage that endures, and we rejoice to think of him sitting next spring in his island garden, listening to the birds singing their thanks to him, though his eyes can no longer distinguish bird from leaf.

FIFTY GOOD YEARS

Jubilee of M.P.G.A.

THE LITTLE GARDEN OF THE CITY

There was a birthday party at Lancaster House the other day. The M.P.G.A. is fifty, and its friends met to celebrate the jubilee.

Hundreds of people have been blest by its work without hearing its name.

Lord Meath founded the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association in order to "provide the little gardenless London child with a bit of greenery and a yard or two of playground." In 1871 there were many derelict sites in London, screened with boards, and behind the boards lay battered kettles, dead cats, and broken crocks. He coveted those sites for the children who have no playground but the gutter.

Need of Open Spaces

So he called a meeting, and the M.P.G.A. was formed. Since then it has helped in over 1000 schemes for providing open spaces, saved about 150 smaller sites, and rescued about 400 private garden squares from the builder.

The society induced Parliament to pass an Act in 1884 which made it illegal to build on old burial-grounds. God's Acre was turned into a garden, instead of becoming the site of a public-house or fried fish shop.

Today we are all awake to the need for open spaces in big cities, but 50 years ago only a few people were awake, and it is thanks to them that many precious sites were not lost long ago.

Very few of the first members of the society are left, but the first secretary, Mrs Basil Holmes, who was present at the meeting which saw the birth of the M.P.G.A., was also present at the jubilee, and made a speech.

Lovers of the Green Oases

She told how one of the earliest garden sites saved by the society was opened by the Duchess of Teck, who brought with her a golden-haired, rose-cheeked girl, now our Queen, from whom a telegram was received at the Jubilee.

There was no telegram from Bill and Lizzie, or the tired old souls who love to rest in the gardens as much as the children love to play there, or from the artists and poets homesick for the country, who have loved the green oases saved by the society; but that is only because so many folk have been blest by the work of the M.P.G.A. without guessing who did it.

AN ESSAY ON BANANAS

By a Japanese Boy

As we all know, essay writing at school is, especially to some boys, a difficult subject, even when they write in their own language; but how very hard it would be to attempt one in another language.

The following is one we have lately been shown, written by a Japanese boy who was learning English, about bananas:

The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

The banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine while banana are Pristine Product of honourable Mother Nature. In case of sausage, both conclusions are attached to other sausage; banana on other hands are attached to one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose.

Finally banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided.

It seems to us a very brave effort, better than anything we could write on chrysanthemums in Japanese!

During the last football season in America 37 players were killed.

THE BICYCLE'S NEW POPULARITY

A Splendid Sport

Evidence accumulates that the bicycle trade is booming as never before.

It is a little strange that the bicycle has not made continuous progress. After its early success the pedal bicycle seemed to be left mainly to the use of workmen going to and from their jobs. Probably the increased popularity of walking is one cause of the cycling revival.

The bicyclist can avail himself of all sorts of by-roads which are rarely or never visited by motorists. In Surrey and Kent and Hampshire and elsewhere a glorious countryside is open to him. Physicians agree that cycling is healthy. The exercise also has the great advantage of making each individual an adventurer upon his own account.

In addition, the average rate of progress on a bicycle, when ridden by a normally healthy individual, is brisk enough to be exhilarating and yet slow enough to enable the observer to enjoy the beauties through which he travels.

An Engineering Triumph

It is said that in the last few years 500 new cycling clubs have sprung up; and the modern cycle, with its variable gears, light weight, and splendid brakes, is an engineering triumph.

Another point of importance is that the millions of cyclists now taking to the roads constitute a new road interest which we hope will do much to teach the motorist that there are other rights on the roads besides their own. In this matter the growing cyclist interest will come to the rescue of the pedestrian.

The bicycle boom will also, we hope, be brought to the notice of our legislators, and help us to greater road safety.

THE UNFRIENDLY HILLS

How They Keep Back the Wireless Waves

Why is broadcast reception so poor in Cornwall?

For a long-time it has been known that signals were not being received as strongly as they should be, and the report for 1931 of the Radio Research Board of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research suggests that the weak signals are due to the hills of Cornwall acting as barriers to the wireless waves.

The suggestion had been made that the beam station at Bodmin was responsible, but experiments carried out support the hill theory. A survey of the country in Cornwall was made and measurements were taken at different points from coast to coast. Midway between the coasts the signals were found to be from 20 to 30 per cent weaker than by the sea. The varying strength at different points of the signals from the Daventry station was found to agree with the contours of the large moor which rises to Brown Willy, Cornwall's highest point, 1375 feet.

This theory that hills act as barriers to the wireless waves was also tested near Tavistock in Devonshire, when similar results were obtained.

THE NEW ARETHUSA

The famous training-ship for boys entering the Navy or the Mercantile Marine is to leave the Thames and will be succeeded by another vessel now lying in the Medway off Rochester.

The berth so long occupied by the old Arethusa being required by the Port of London Authority, a new berth must be found, and speculation arises as to whether the large four-masted vessel will remain in the Medway. Tenders have been invited for the reconstruction of the vessel, converting it into a floating home for 400 boys.

It is hoped the ship will be ready in six months, and enter a long career of usefulness for boys who love the sea.

ANOTHER MILLION ON THE LAND

Why Not?

One of the best suggestions made as a contribution to our national economic strength is that we should remember our own good British soil and place a million more workers on the land, either engaged in agriculture or in local work built on agriculture.

That is a big dream, but it is only by dreaming such good dreams that we can improve our island home.

It has been shown that excellent crops can be grown on poor, sandy soil. England as a whole is a naturally fertile island, and with such a magnificent home market as is formed by our crowded town populations our rural districts should prosper. If they do not, we lose life as well as wealth.

Too Many Deserted Villages

If we could succeed in adding a million actual workers to our rural districts we should multiply the land population by many more. If each worker represented three people the villages would gain three millions. A splendid backbone for a country! What said Goldsmith?

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made.*

*But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.*

We have too many deserted villages. Millions of acres are unused or ill-used. We should raise a great State loan to revive agriculture. Money is cheap; life is dear. We have to organise production. In Italy Mussolini has made his country almost independent of foreign wheat, while we import four-fifths of our daily bread.

In fruit alone the home market offers £20,000,000 of trade to the new agriculture. It is for us to make the dream a reality.

A TARIFF INDEX

Urgent Need of Business Men

Already our departure from Free Trade has led to the formation of a very complicated tariff, the details of which are difficult to grasp. Particularly the business man requires ready information on details.

We have now duties on imported goods for all sorts of different reasons and affecting the greater part of our trade. The import trade is conducted with great difficulty by tens of thousands of firms. We have not only general import duties, but preferential rates established under Ottawa agreements for the particular benefit of the Dominions.

What we suggest is an official A B C of the tariffs, opening with a sketch of the whole system and then giving duties under classified heads, and an alphabetical index to make possible immediate reference to any article.

INSPECTORS

The official record shows that we have 155,000 factories and nearly 96,000 workshops. These figures do not include docks and wharves and warehouses.

The great mass of work done in these places by millions of workers is supervised by the Home Office through inspectors, and it is surprising to learn that the total staff of this inspectorate is only 247.

We see at once that the inspection of factories can only be occasional; the number of inspectors does not allow of frequent inspection. The number of workplaces is 251,000, so that each member of the staff corresponds to nearly 1100 factories and workshops, and there are only 365 days in the year, including Sundays.

CEMENTING EAST AND WEST

The Indian Mission

AN END WHICH IS A NEW BEGINNING

Londoners who attended a thanksgiving service at St Paul's the other evening must have realised that it was a significant event. It marked the close of a mission to this country which may be the beginning of an important new movement toward a better understanding between nations.

Although it seems a short time since the C.N. announced that Bishop Bannerjee and his companions had reached the shores of our little island, they have been travelling for three months and have visited many cities, universities, and industrial places.

A Great Change of Outlook

They came at the invitation of the Churches to tell us something of what Christianity has done for them and their people, and their visit has made many of those who listened to their addresses aware of a great change of outlook. There is to be more give and take between the East and West.

It is a sign of progress. In future the West will not only give but will receive help from the East.

As ambassadors of Christians in India they have visited all sorts and conditions of people—laymen, theological students, missionary committees, and so on. They have spoken, not on political subjects or differences between Churches, but on something which they believe is the solution of the difficult problems of today, a fresh vision of Christianity which should remove all differences of land and race.

Later on it is hoped that Christians from China, Japan, Africa, and other lands may visit the people of India, and that missions of fellowship may be held in many countries.

COAL, PETROL, AND SAFETY

A Case of the First Importance

In the C.N. of December 10 we published with reserve the statement that a process had been discovered by which petrol could be distilled from coal at a price which would enable it to compete with petrol distilled from natural petroleum.

A great authority, Mr H. T. Tizard, the Rector of the Imperial College of Science, challenges opinion on the subject by declaring that, while petrol from natural sources can be sold wholesale at under 5d a gallon, petrol from coal would cost to produce at least 9d a gallon.

Even to produce petrol at 9d, he says, would call for work on a large scale, with a plant costing something under £7,000,000 capable of producing 200,000 tons of petrol a year. Further, not more than 5 per cent must be paid on the capital and the works must be placed in the most suitable position possible. Such a plant, he says, would employ only some 5000 men. Upon this he sums up against the proposal to attempt to obtain petrol from coal on a large scale.

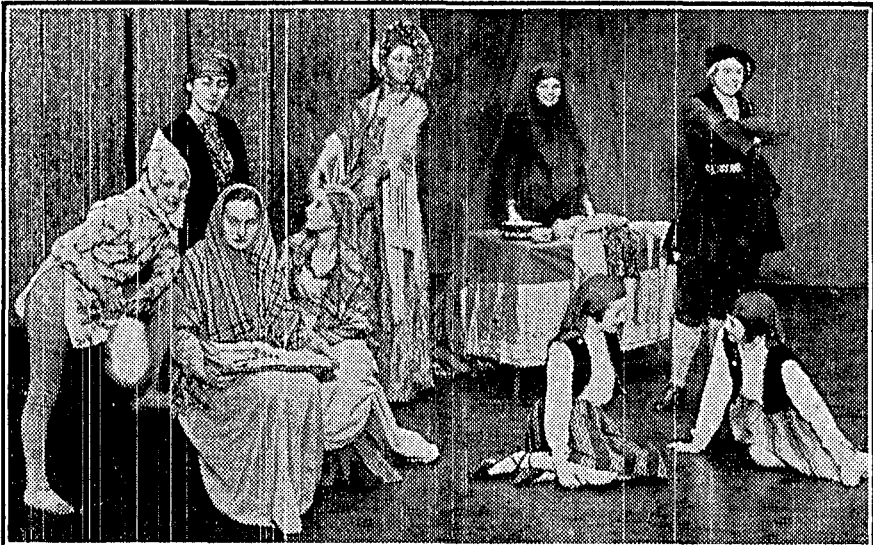
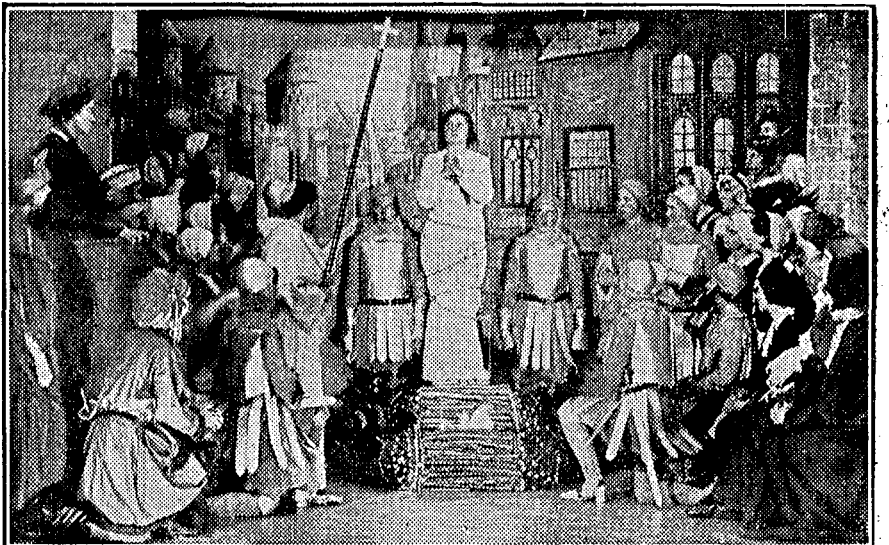
It is important that this matter should be considered from every point of view. The increasing displacement of coal by petroleum and its products has thrown an army of British miners out of work. If we could cheaply get petrol from coal we should pour life-blood into British industry by calling miners back to work, to say nothing of the other employments involved.

Another most important thing is this. Oil has driven coal out of the Navy, and if we could again derive the motive power of the Navy from coal we should gain in security, for natural oil and its products have to be imported, as we have none of our own.

HOLIDAY PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN CHURCH, SCHOOL, AND THEATRE

A scene from the Nativity play *The Christmas Mystery*, performed in Southwark Cathedral

Peter Pan seated on air—for Captain Hook has knocked away the barrel

Peter teaches Wendy, Michael, and John how to fly, in this season's production of *Peter Pan*, the ever-popular play for childrenA scene from *Piers Plowman* as rendered by pupils of a Hertfordshire school

Joan of Arc at the stake—From a production by Dartford schoolgirls

At no other time of the year more than just now are children so concerned with the dramatic art. The Christmas term usually ends with school productions, and during the holidays many boys and girls are concerned with the beautiful Nativity plays, while at the theatres there are many plays, such as *Peter Pan*, which have a special appeal to children of all ages.

A QUAIN CREATURE OF THE SEA

ALL ABOUT THE SALP Our Nearest Relations Among Invertebrates

THEIR VALUE TO SCIENCE

By a Laboratory Correspondent

Floating in the sea for the last few weeks round our southern and western coasts has been an innumerable host of the transparent jelly-like animal commonly known as the spindle-shaped salp.

It is common in the surface waters of the Atlantic, but enters the Channel only at long intervals. Sometimes several years elapse without a trace of it, and then it appears in enormous numbers. At the same time it is common along the western coast. Winds, currents, and drifts from the Atlantic waft it toward our shores.

An Interesting Life-History

Scientific workers have long used these salps as indicators of currents. They are a valuable aid to fishery investigators, being large enough to be seen with the naked eye (reaching to one and a half inches or more in length) and usually occurring in huge swarms.

Sometimes the salps are solitary, sometimes they hang together in long chains. The body is glass-like in transparency and feels like a solid mass of jelly when handled.

The life-history of the salp is interesting, for an egg-bearing stage alternates with a budding stage. Thus a single individual known as a "nurse" buds off chains of smaller salps which in their turn give rise to eggs either before or after they separate from the chain.

A Continual Change Cycle

This explains why salps are present in such great numbers, for one "nurse" may bud off chains of many individuals, each bearing a single egg which eventually develops into a solitary nurse once more; chains again being formed and a continual cycle of nurse, buds, chains, and eggs always going on.

Everywhere the sea is on the move. There are always currents wafting away the animals present at one particular time and bringing in others. If salps are seen at one place for several days it does not mean that they are stationary there nor that the same individuals are seen from day to day, but that new salps are replacing the first, these first being driven farther on, or eaten, or possibly destroyed.

Thus the salps we see for several weeks, or even months, round our coasts are moved about continually and, according to the prevalent winds or currents, may be found to the West, East, North, or South; they may be driven out to sea or close inshore.

Vertebrates and Invertebrates

Salps belong to a group of animals known as Sea-Squirts, Ascidiars, or Tunicates, and they are closely related to vertebrates. They are our nearest relations among invertebrates. Indeed, sometimes the zoologist places them in a separate group between the two. The reason for this is that in many sea-squirts the young hatch out as larvae very much resembling tadpoles and with a supporting cord down the back which exactly corresponds with the larval forerunner of our backbone.

In most forms this cord disappears when the animal settles down to a fixed existence as in the typical sea-squirts (so-called from their ability to squirt large jets of water out of their bodies), but in some which are always free-swimming it persists.

In the salp there is no tailed larvae and therefore no cord, and we can only tell from the likeness in other ways to the sea-squirts that it is really a near relative of the vertebrates.

A GOOD THING STARTED AT LAST

SOME years ago the C.N. pointed out the danger there was in destroying old documents before the owner learned their value, for in this way an untold number of items of great interest to historians writing of village, township, or shire were lost for ever.

We are glad to hear that at last an organisation has been formed to see to these things. It will be under the central management of the British Records Association, and its work will be to collect, preserve, put in order, and publish, when advisable, all the odd papers and documents that are still in existence, lying about because nobody knew what to do with them. Floating history, they might be called, and until they are all saved the story of the English people will not be complete.

A great deal of work has been done already by county societies, and not before it is time. Only the other day someone gave to someone else 20 parchment documents to make lampshades of. They were concerned with the history of Somerset, and several dated from Elizabeth's reign. Fortunately a person of intelligence heard about it, and this incredible stupidity, this wanton waste of bits of England's family history, was stopped. The documents in question are now in possession of the Somerset County Council.

Only people who have worked on records have the faintest idea of the real value of such papers. But the public, the inheritors of their labour, are awaking to it; in the course of a few more years

much of this floating history may have been drawn in.

The new association is a powerful and important body. The names and titles of the Council give us some hint of its scholarship and wide interest. There are the City Librarian of Birmingham, the Librarian to the House of Lords, the Keeper of the Guildhall Records; the Curator of Sevenoaks Museum, the Windsor Herald of the College of Arms, the Town Clerk of Bristol, the Librarian of the Rylands Library, Manchester, a member of the Anglo-American Records Association, a professor from Reading University, the Keeper of the Muniments of Westminster Abbey, and representatives of no fewer than five county Record Societies.

That is a strong Council, and its formation should put some life into the movement.

Anyone can be a member of the Association for five shillings a year and know what is going on.

Until now the trouble has been arranging a clearing-house for these old, haphazard, come-by-chance documents. What is wanted is a local Record Office for each county. As far back as 1909 a Commission inquiring into the question of these old papers suggested this, but could see that the local office must be held together by means of some central government.

Last year there was another committee appointed to look into the working conditions of such a scheme, and now the organisation has been put in order.

A WAY THE SNAKES HAVE

THE albino python at the Zoo has starved itself to death. Expert care and forcible feeding were of no avail. The great serpent was determined to die, and die it did.

In his new book on Snakes an old friend of our papers, Mr F. W. Fitzsimons, Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, tells how often captive snakes commit suicide.

Attached to the museum is a snake park where about a thousand snakes are kept for research purposes. It has been found that preparations of snake venoms are useful in treating certain diseases, epilepsy, St Vitus's Dance, and so on. Snake venom is collected by gripping the snake behind the head and rubbing its nose against a wineglass which has been covered with a piece of rubber. The snake bites, and through the rubber the precious but terrible venom drops into the glass.

Ten to thirteen drops can be collected from one Black Mamba by inducing it to bite several times in succession. It is risky to collect snake venom: two drops of Mamba venom will kill a man; but it is far easier to collect it than to keep captive snakes alive.

It is strange that these creatures should have so intense a love of liberty that, being denied it, they determine to

die. The captive bird does not mourn so intensely.

Faced with its favourite prey a captive snake will often refuse to touch it. Forcibly fed, it will eject the meal. One of the pythons in the snake park allowed a rat to eat it, languidly driving the rat away once, and then permitting it to return to gnaw at the beautiful white flesh once more.

The museum authorities buy all the snakes offered to them, and some people have been known to climb into the snake park at night, catch the deadly reptiles, and sell them back to the museum the next day.

It is the most dangerous of all ways of turning a dishonest penny, for the poisonous snake may lose interest in its dinner, but it is always ready to bite when it is handled; and the sunny, leafy, flowery snake park is called the Garden of Death by the public.

It is the snakes which die—unless they can be kept alive by eggs pumped down their throats, or, in the case of large serpents, by pieces of meat rammed down by a brave man assisted by two others. Then a tight bandage is put round the snake's throat to prevent it from disgorging the meal. Thus the unwilling snakes are kept alive in their comfortable park.

THE WEATHERCOCK OF SENLIS

WE are glad to know that the lost weathercock of Senlis has been found again.

This enormous bird, measuring a yard from beak to tail, is made of solid copper, and it was stolen by thieves who evidently meant to melt it down.

They scrambled up some scaffolding left by workmen repairing the tower, and carried off the weathercock about a month ago.

The townsfolk were outraged. Their weathercock had kept watch on them ever since 1250, and they could not endure to think of him going into the melting-pot. Many C.N. readers must have sympathised with their anxiety.

Now there is great rejoicing. The bird has been found under a bridge which crosses a stream in Senlis.

There it had lain for a month, while everyone looked for it in the haunts of the bad characters of the district.

Evidently the thieves were frightened, and threw it away. It must have been difficult and dangerous to get it down the tower, which is some 240 feet high; and, after all, they had no reward for their arduous labours.

They have damaged the bird a good deal, but he is still what his maker made him 700 years ago. He might have been kettles, nozzles, or door-knobs by now. Senlis has much to be thankful for.

A MAID FROM THE MANSE

HOW A WISH CAME TRUE

The Wonderful Career of a Woman Missionary

LIFE AMONG THE BANTUS

A Saint in Kenya. By Mrs Henry E. Scott. Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d.

When Marion Stevenson first wanted to be a missionary she was a little girl living at the manse of Forfar, where her father was minister.

Some stories she heard of missionary work fired her imagination, and as she grew up her purpose never changed. In this book the story of her wonderful life-work in East Africa is told by one of her fellow-missionaries.

Thirty years passed before Marion Stevenson's wish came true. During a long and disappointing period of ill-health she prepared herself at home for mission service. Then in 1906 her chance came. She heard of the great need for help in the work among women and girls at the Kikuyu Mission in what is now Kenya. She offered her services, and by the following spring was on her way to Africa.

Difficulties at Kikuyu

Many were Miss Stevenson's difficulties when she arrived at Kikuyu. The people, a branch of the Bantus, seemed dour, secretive, sulky, and suspicious. But she learned to like them. She saw many kind and intelligent faces about her in the villages and realised that these dark-skinned people were "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, just ourselves in different garb." The youths, lithe and graceful, with muscles rippling under chocolate-coloured skin, were like bronze statues come to life. They recall the figures on old Egyptian wall paintings, for they wear their hair elaborately twisted and lengthened by strips of calico. And we are told that the Kikuyu borrow many of their fashions from the Masai, who are of Nilotic origin.

Making Friends

Many were the battles Miss Stevenson had to fight before she was able to work up the small mission school, and she almost gave up hope of ever reaching the girls and women, who were elusive and independent. At last she made friends with them, visiting them in their huts in the evenings when their long day's work was over. Gradually she persuaded the people to give up bad old tribal customs.

As the years passed she did wonderful work for education. In another district she saw the little school at Tutumutu grow into a big centre, with over 40 branch schools, where nearly 4000 scholars were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Wild Life in the Moonlight

Three times a year she visited these schools, making hazardous journeys and tramping across the difficult hilly country under a fierce sun. She met buffaloes and rhinoceroses, and more than once she saw a splendid leopard strolling about in the moonlight outside her sleeping quarters. Once she came upon a hyena's dancing ground, where some forty of these creatures gathered after dark and gambolled about before setting out on their nightly expeditions. The ground was trampled hard; no villagers dared to go there at night.

Native lookers-on were puzzled when, on striking camp, she collected the litter and burned it in the camp fire, but her houseboy explained to them that this was the European's way of tidying up.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer

TRAINING ELIZA TO TALK

THE HILL-MYNAH WITH A HUMAN VOICE

Woodpeckers That Are Pecking Their Cage To Pieces

ZOO EXHIBITS WORTH WATCHING

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An accomplished Indian hill-mynah is always a popular inmate of the Zoo, for these birds can be very attractive talkers; and so, ever since the death of the last talking mynah a year ago, strenuous efforts have been made to train a successor.

But although the hill-mynah can be such a good talker—and his voice is more pleasant than the parrot's, being richer in tone, and the bird frequently imitates a human voice—skilled talkers are few, and only recently has a specimen begun to give promise of becoming expert in speech.

What Eliza Can Say

This new talker, Eliza, has now been in training for six months, and at last she is becoming anxious to show off her vocal accomplishments. She has a whistle which sounds so human that strangers are often deceived by it; she coughs, a husky cough like a smoker's; and she has learned to say "Hello," "How are you?" and "What's the time?"

Eliza is now to be taught a larger repertoire, as she obviously likes to talk. Though a more pleasing conversationalist than the parrot the hill-mynah has not such a good memory nor sufficient intelligence to answer questions as Cocky, the Zoo's famous talking parrot, does. For Cocky, a sulphur-crested cockatoo, will answer questions, and will vary the answer to the same question.

But if Eliza is not as intelligent as the famous Cocky, she is a good pupil, and should soon become quite a well-known character to visitors to the Small Birds House.

Her next-door neighbour, another Indian hill-mynah called Tommy, also talks a little; but although the keepers have tried for two years to train him he will still only say "Hello, how are you?" and whistle.

A Present From Surrey

Another interesting exhibit in this section is a family of young English woodpeckers. Last summer a family of three young woodpeckers was presented to the menagerie. They came from Surrey, and had been captured when the hollow tree in which their parents had nested was felled.

To make them feel at home their cage is lined with cork-bark and furnished with tree trunks. The birds spend all their time pecking at these decorations. Both the old tree trunk and the cork are pitted with holes, and it is calculated that by the time spring is here the cage will have to be completely renovated.

BROKEN RIBS AT DINNER

The doctor told Lord Beatty that he must stay in bed—of course he must stay in bed! Why, only that week-end he had been thrown from his horse and broken two ribs.

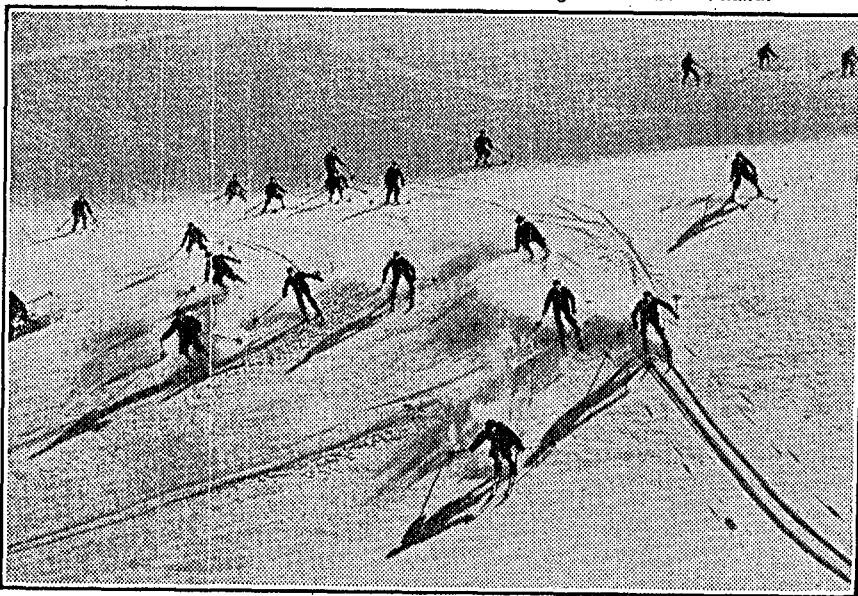
But Beatty got up in the evening, and concealed his bandages under a starched shirt-front. He did so badly want to go to that dinner, and he did go, and made a speech, and announced that £5515 had been collected.

You see, the dinner was on behalf of the Dockland Settlements, and probably there is no job better worth doing than the job of making the slums fit for heroes, heroines, and babies to live in.

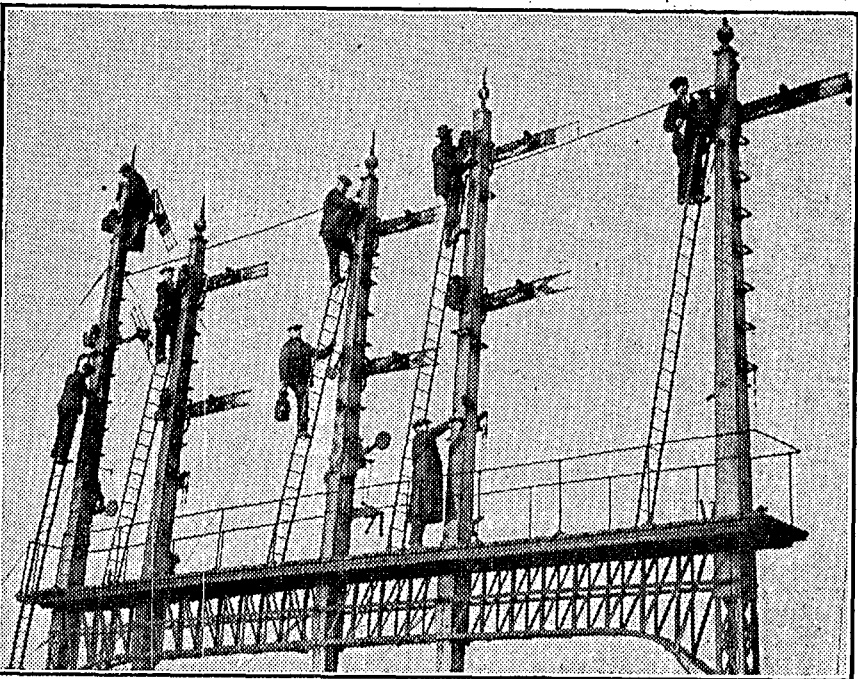
PLAYERS AND WORKERS



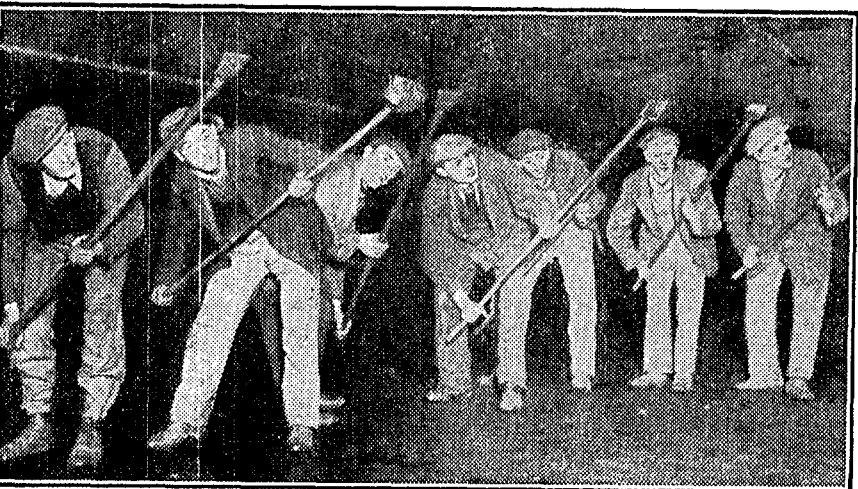
Playtime on the Ice—As soon as the ice was safe these German boys and girls put on their skates and went skimming round hand in hand.



Playtime in the Snow—A splendid impression of the thrill of ski-ing is conveyed by this picture of a party racing down a snowy slope in the Alps.



At Work on the Railway—Workmen are here seen overhauling a big signal gantry on the London and North-Eastern main line at Hatfield.



At Work Beneath a Liner—The ceiling which these men are scraping is the bottom of a liner, the Empress of Australia, which was lately in dry dock at Southampton.

THE FIRST MAN TO FLY

A MONUMENT FOR THE WRIGHTS

What Happened On a Sand Dune One Winter's Morning

THE MAN WHO DID NOT FLY

Mrs Mollison has accomplished another wonder and shown the world once more what an English girl is made of; and across the Atlantic they are setting up a monument to the first flying-men, so short a time is it ago. The world races on and we can scarcely keep pace with it.

While men in one part of the world have been raising a memorial to mark the first aeroplane flight (by a man who thought aeroplanes would always be just for one or two men only), in another they have been conferring how best to limit in war the planes that have become so numerous and powerful.

The memorial stands on a sand dune at the foot of the Kill Devil Hills in the wilds of North Carolina, for here it was that one winter morning 29 years ago a man rose in an aeroplane and flew with the birds.

A Quotation From Pindar

That man was Wilbur Wright, who, with his brother Orville, invented, built, and flew the first petrol-driven aeroplane. The memorial on the sand dune bears their names on one side and on the other this quotation from Pindar:

The long toil of the brave is not quenched in darkness nor hath counting the cost fretted away the zeal of their hopes. O'er the fruited Earth and athwart the sea hath passed the light of noble deeds unquenchable for ever.

Round the base is written:

In commemoration of the conquest of the air by the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright. Conceived by genius, achieved by dauntless resolution and unconquerable faith.

A Great White Pylon

The memorial, which has taken five years to build, is in the form of a great white granite pylon, 60 feet high, carved with a folded wing design and centred on a base star-shaped like the insignia borne by every American naval or military plane. From its top can be seen old Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island, another historic spot, for there Virginia Dare, the first white child of the New World, was born.

It was from the heights of the Kill Devil Hills that the two brothers experimented with their gliders, having come here as a place recommended by the weather experts for its strong steady winds. For three years they lived in a hut in this wilderness, working and experimenting, scrapping, and starting again, till one day in 1903 they no longer needed the height of the hills for a start, but were actually seen to rise from the plain in their wonder machine.

Samuel Pierpont Langley

It was not the first aeroplane, however, for seven years earlier another American, Samuel Pierpont Langley, had sent a model steam-driven aeroplane skimming through the air, but when he demonstrated with a full-sized machine it crashed to the ground and brought him nothing but ridicule.

That was in the year the Wrights made their epic flight; but it was not till 1914 that someone dragged Langley's aeroplane from the workshop in which it had been lying all those years, climbed into the seat, started the engine, and flew with it. Its inventor had been dead eight years, and had died convinced that his life-work had failed; but it was known that day that Langley was the maker of the first aeroplane, though the Wrights were the first to fly in one.

THE POVERTY OF EAST LONDON

FINDINGS OF THE NEW SURVEY

Overcrowding Worse Than It Was Ten Years Ago

25,000 HOMELESS PEOPLE

There are still a quarter of a million people living below the poverty line in the East of London, and this in spite of all the State has done in Insurance Measures and all that voluntary workers have achieved since Charles Booth issued his indictment against our boasted civilisation 40 years ago.

This grave figure is given in the volume of the Survey of London Life and Labour dealing with the eastern area, and Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, the director of the survey, points out that one person in ten in this area was subject to privations which would eventually cut him off from all but the barest necessities.

It is terrible, too, to hear that there has been no improvement in the overcrowding problem in the last ten years. In fact, the percentage of those who have to live more than three in a room has actually increased during that period. Many plague spots of intense overcrowding are clearly shown to persist; for instance, one-fifth of the working population of Shoreditch lives three or more to a room.

No Grounds For Complacency

The improvements recorded since Charles Booth made his survey are that not more than a third of his number are now below the poverty line, and that unemployment rather than sweating is the chief cause of the existing distress.

The survey states that in the whole of London there are about 25,000 persons with no homes of their own, a much smaller number than in Charles Booth's time. There are about 30,000 street-traders, the poorest being the sandwich-men and the most prosperous the costermongers, though their standard of life is low.

In summing up the situation Sir Hubert Smith points out that it gives no grounds for facile complacency but rather for disquiet and searching of heart.

A GOOD ITEM FROM NEW ZEALAND

A C.N. reader in New Zealand sends us a picture from a Christchurch newspaper which tells a very pleasant story.

Underneath the picture, which shows four golfers looking at something on the grass, we read:

Members of the Avondale Golf Club rigidly protect quail and banded dotterel on the links. Nests built by these birds in the grass on the fairway are conspicuously marked with sticks. An application to declare the links a sanctuary for game birds has been granted.

The picture shows one golfer placing sticks near a nest built in the grass by a bird, while his companions look on. Golfers who follow this party will understand and keep away from the nest.

THE HARBOUR MISTRESS

We do not know how old Bridlington is, only that it is older than Domesday Book, but we do know that in all its ancient life it has never before had a harbour mistress.

Mrs Taylor has just been appointed to the post. She sits in an office overlooking the harbour, directing all the affairs of the port. She can read nautical codes and fully understands all the details of her work. To her way of thinking it is the most interesting job in the world.

Yet she will be only too happy to give it up. The former harbour master, Lieutenant Taylor, is ill, and has been granted indefinite leave of absence; his wife has been appointed to fill his place till he is fit to carry on his duties.

FOLLOW-MY-LEADER THROUGH THE CLOUDS

Air Pilots Who Rely on the Skill of Others

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE

The busy airway between London and Paris has provided a new problem.

When driving on the road in foggy weather motorists often like to keep within their sight a vehicle moving just ahead. The car in front serves as a guide. Something of the sort is happening on the cross-Channel airway.

It is well known among those who fly that the men who pilot the big air liners are expert navigators. The big machines are equipped with many instruments which aid the pilots, and, moreover, the liners are in constant wireless communication with the airports, from which they can receive their bearings from time to time. Thus it is safe for the liners to take to the air in bad weather, more especially so because they usually have several engines.

A Peril To the Liner Pilot

But there are large numbers of private machines which also use the cross-Channel route, and it has become a habit with some owners of these small, single-engined aeroplanes to go aloft in weather most unsuitable for them, following the big machines into the air and trying to keep within sight of them, relying on the skill of the liner pilot to get through to their destination.

It is pointed out that the presence of another machine at fairly close quarters adds to the cares of the liner pilot who, in bad weather, needs to have his whole attention concentrated on his controls and instruments. Sometimes it is necessary for the pilot to fly through the clouds to find a clear sky. His instruments and his wireless tell him when he can dive through the clouds again because he is nearing his destination. It is on such occasions that the presence of the other machine materially increases the pilot's anxiety.

This aerial game of Follow-my-leader is probably due to thoughtlessness on the part of those who follow, and it is to be hoped the practice will cease before accidents occur.

WHO WAS EBENEZER ELLIOTT?

Born at Masbro', Yorkshire, March 17, 1781
Died at Great Houghton, December 1, 1849

He knew what it was to be rich, but he also knew what it was to be poor; and his life was one long crusade against the Corn Laws and the cruelties of the Factory System.

A queer mixture of tenderness and sarcasm, he was a fierce little man, meek looking, but full of passion, quick tempered and fearless; and, small though he was, he made his voice heard all over England. Knowing the bitterness of poverty, and burning with indignation against the injustices suffered by the poor, he wrote his Corn Law Rhymes, jingling poems with a passionate sincerity.

Sung and shouted up and down the land, his verses against the Bread Tax did much to bring about the reforms of the 19th century. One of his verses sums up his life's mission:

The deadly will that takes
What labour ought to keep,
It is the deadly power that makes
Bread dear and labour cheap.

Practical, vigorous, extravagant, he was one of the champions of the poor in the days when Tom Hood was stirred to write The Song of the Shirt. He died three years after the repeal of the Corn Laws ended the Hungry Forties and gave the people cheap bread.

THE BEST BOOK STILL A BEST SELLER

A Wonderful Report From the Bible Society

SPECIALISING IN THE IMPOSSIBLE

"We specialise in the impossible" seems to be the motto of the Bible Society, for the last yearly report, which is called The Impossible, contains long chapters of difficulties overcome in a year of amazing achievement.

As usual there are many stories of the courage of colporteurs, or Bible sellers, who carry the world's best book to almost impenetrable places and thus prepare the way for the missionary.

Those who say Christianity is dying in this country should read this report. They will learn that over 633,000 English Bibles were sold last year, a larger number than ever before, in spite of the financial crisis. Half a million copies alone were issued of the new popular shilling edition. Although there was a slight fall in income, many people sent their subscriptions as usual in spite of hard times.

Surprising News From China

From China comes surprising news, for in this most troubled country four and a half million copies of Scripture, chiefly Gospels, were sold by 400 colporteurs. The sales of the society and other missions amounted to over eleven million copies. In other countries where conditions have been serious the sales reached the highest point on record.

When the society was formed in 1804 the great majority of the world's inhabitants could neither read nor write, and parts of the Bible had been translated into only about 70 of the myriad forms of human speech. Today part or the whole of the Scriptures may be read in over 900 languages. Bibles have been printed in over 150 tongues, a remarkable achievement of missionary scholars when it is remembered that in many languages there is such poverty of expression that it is almost impossible to find synonyms for the original.

Helping the Eskimo

For instance, the Eskimo tongue spoken in Greenland and Labrador is only rich in words for the weather and hunting. Although there are a dozen ways of expressing the varying states of ice and snow many words used in the Bible convey nothing to the Eskimo. The ox had to be expressed by the words "almost a reindeer" and honey had to be called "the fat of that which resembles wasps," for bees are also unknown. Yet a successful translation was made, and the Bible has become the Book of the Eskimo people, profoundly influencing their lives.

DOES THE SUN PUT OUT A FIRE?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

The Sun cannot put out a fire because it cannot bring to it anything which would cool the burning material, but in the bright sunlight the fire will appear less glowing to the eye than when its surroundings are in shadow.

Just in the same way, a match, if struck in the sunlight, compares so poorly with the brilliance of the Sun's beams that we can barely see if the match is alight. Another way of looking at the matter is that when the Sun's rays are not on the fire all the red glow is radiated. But when the sunlight shines on the burning coals the black parts of them absorb it and the other parts reflect it, so that the red radiation appears less brightly red because mixed with reflected sunlight.

This is all that happens so far as the light is concerned; but on sunny days there is often a down draught in the chimney, so that the fire in a grate suffers from a want of air.

ENGLISH FOR THE PASSER-BY

WHY NOT MAKE IT PLAIN?

The Curious Inscription on Queen Alexandra's Monument

A PUZZLE OUT OF PLACE

A new monument in London often receives a great deal less attention than it should; but, even so, we think it a little undignified to resort to puzzles on our monuments, as if to attract attention to them.

That is why we are sorry to find the latest puzzling craze on Sir Alfred Gilbert's memorial to Queen Alexandra which stands outside Marlborough House, her London home. Almost any hour of the day of late small groups might be seen collecting in front of it, not looking up at Sir Alfred Gilbert's beautiful crowned figures of Faith, Hope, and Love, but busy on the puzzle down below, an inscription written in lettering so difficult and unfamiliar that at first sight it might be Chinese.

An Enthusiastic Competitor

A word in four letters meaning that which pays tribute and belongs to the Empire—that is where most people stick in this puzzle. Even the last time we passed we heard a ragged but enthusiastic competitor ask another standing by for the solution. This one must have been the sort of fellow who polishes off the crossword in his paper each evening between London Bridge and Dulwich, for he guessed it right away. "Love," he said. "A tribute of the Empire's love." "Thank you, sir," said the ragged inquirer; "I should never have guessed it myself."

Then it was that we ourselves asked the bright man of the group what the next lines of the inscription were.

"Faith, Hope, Love," he slowly read. "The something virtues of Queen Alexandra—er—it looks like glorious."

A Freak in the Strand

We looked and looked again at the mysterious word, and we looked in vain, for with all our knowledge of types we could not make it out. We are used to unreadable type, in advertisements and over shops; we have been trying for years to understand the name over one of the shops in the Strand near Charing Cross, so freakish is it. But it was only when we were told by another passer-by, cleverer than ourselves, that we could read the adjective cut out on the stone of the Alexandra monument.

It is Guiding—the Guiding Virtues of Queen Alexandra.

Surely it is a pity. If it is so difficult now the inscription will be quite impossible to read when fifty years of London weather have confused the clues still more. In those days no one will be able even to guess that this monument has something to do with one of our best-loved queens. And, in any case, what is wrong with plain English?

Change For the Sake of Change

It is all the same stupidity that will not recognise the fact that red initials wear out long before the rest of the words in black, so that we are constantly faced with strange messages like the invitation to *appy eetings* we once saw outside a Salvation Army place, which had originally been an invitation to Happy Meetings.

If inscriptions are to be read they should be readable. This generation has gone mad on change for the sake of change, whether it be good or bad, and the inscription on Queen Alexandra's new memorial is one of the worst examples we know of how to do a thing the wrong way.

The height record for light aeroplanes has been increased to about 32,000 feet by an Italian, Signor Renato Donati.

THE MOON AND THE TWINS

CASTOR AND POLLUX

Most Distant Member of the Sun's Family

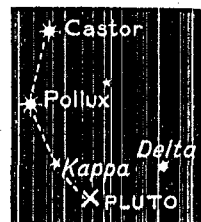
THE PATH OF PLUTO

By the O.N. Astronomer

During the early part of next week, from Monday till Wednesday, the Moon will travel through the radiant constellation of Gemini, the Twins.

On Wednesday night, when directly below the bright star Pollux, she will pass in front of Kappa-in-Gemini, a star of between third and fourth magnitude. This occultation, as it is called, will take place between 10.50 p.m., when the star disappears on the left side of the Moon, and 11.24, when it reappears from behind the right and bright edge of the Moon, whose brilliance will almost obliterate the star.

The star Pollux together with Castor, the bright star above it, are popularly known as the Twin Stars, for they represent the heads of these celestial cherubs. The Moon's presence near them on Tuesday and Wednesday will make identification easy with the aid of our star-map, which shows these, the chief stars of Gemini, together with the position of Pluto.



The position of Pluto shown by a cross

Pluto is the planet discovered in 1930 not far from the place where Professor Lowell had calculated that a world beyond Neptune would be found. It has not proved to be such a large world as Lowell had estimated. So far it appears to be at least as large as Mars, or about 4000 miles in diameter, and possibly more.

Although invisible in all but the most powerful telescopes, Pluto is of great interest as being the outermost known world of the Solar System. At present it is at the enormous distance of about 3620 million miles, whereas Neptune is about 2740 million miles away.

Now, bearing in mind that Pluto was, about a century ago, at the very much vaster distance of nearly 4650 million miles, we begin to realise how colossal is the known span of the Solar System, and how long is the gravitational arm of our Sun; for even at this terrific distance he holds this little wayward world to himself.

Pluto Nearer Each Year

We see, therefore, that Pluto is getting nearer to us each year, and in a few years time will be at its nearest to the Sun and to us. Then Pluto will be but 2743 million miles from the Sun, and near enough to the Earth to be seen with moderate-sized telescopes. We see also that Pluto will then be nearer to us than Neptune, and it becomes obvious what a very elliptic, or oval, orbit Pluto possesses; it is getting on for twice the length of its breadth, whereas that of Neptune is almost circular.

The place where Pluto is at present may be easily found with the help of the star-map; the Moon will be a little way above it between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening. A week later, when the Moon is not present and the sky is dark, will be a better time for noting the surrounding stars and identifying the place where this invisible little world is pursuing its lone path through a sky in which the stars are always shining and where our Sun appears only as the brightest star.

Pluto is now about three times the Moon's apparent width away from and to the left of where he appeared to be last year. This indicates what a tremendous time this planet will take to complete a circuit of our sky. It amounts to 248 years, just to go once round the Sun.

G. F. M.

IF SHE HAD £100

What Little Ann Would Do

Arithmetic lessons are not all vexation if we may judge from a certain school in County Wicklow.

The other day the pupils were set a new kind of sum. Not only did it make work like play and give the children a good lesson in addition, but it also revealed something beautiful in the character of one of the little girls, and we print this story as an answer to anyone who says that modern children are selfish.

This is the sum the pupils were given.

Suppose a rich uncle gave you £100 which you must spend today. What would you buy?

Ten-year-old Ann began to think very hard, and then she wrote this little list:

	£	s	d
A pair of riding shoes for Evelyn	6	0	
A pull-over for George	17	6	
A new rug for Pal	9	6	
A loud-speaker for Daddy	18	18	0
A butter patty for Jane	2	0	
A new churn for Jane	5	17	6
A horse for Mummie	75	0	0
	£101	10	6

No comment was made on unselfishness, but a new sum was now given to the pupils, each of whom had to write down how she would spend £50 on herself. But Ann wanted to buy an Ingew Pater, by which she meant an incubator, for her mother; and her only want for herself was one packet of omifvelopes to post letters in.

"I am not proud of my pupil's spelling," writes the teacher, "but I am proud of her kindness and thought for others."

THE ELECTRICAL AGE

Current Improves Output

That great society the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturer's Association, which after the modern Continental fashion is called Beama for short, has made an inquiry into the influence of electricity upon industrial output.

Inquiry has been made into the power used by 93 British industries.

When the industries were grouped according to their degree of use of electric power it was found that a high degree of electrification almost invariably went with increased output. On the other hand, a low degree of electrification went with decreased output. It is emphasised that a group of manufacturers found it an advantage to electrify despite the slump in trade.

The general result of the inquiry is to give an answer to the question: Does electrification pay? and to answer it decidedly in the affirmative.

One thing is quite clear: that the convenience and cleanliness of electricity need no demonstration. They are obvious. The general use of the national electricity system in British industry and in our homes would cleanse our towns and make life simpler and easier for our toiling millions.

THE BRAZEN OLD OPTIMIST

In the midst of the busy city of Leeds there has been laid out a Garden of Rest by the Trustees of Wades Charity.

It is enclosed on three sides by a low wall and ornamental palisading, and beyond a wide border planted with trees and shrubs. It has two large lawns with a causeway of stone flags dividing them, and in the middle of the lawns stands a sundial with these words:

*Alone he stands among the flowers,
And only counts the sunny hours,
Dull days for him do not exist,
The brazen fast old optimist.*

Wooden seats made of teak from H.M.S. Powerful, which took part in the Jutland battle and has since been broken up, are placed at intervals.

It is a refreshing spot, and a great boon to tired city workers.

A DEAN'S TALKS TO GIRLS

The Chinese Boy at the Cabin Door

ROLY-POLYS AND POTATOES

Dr Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, told some amusing stories of his recent experiences in China when addressing the Secondary School for Girls at Chatham not long ago.

He was sitting in his deck cabin on a Chinese steamer when he heard a tap on the cabin door, but found no one there. Drawing on his own youthful experiences he captured the culprit when the knock was repeated.

When the young Chinese boy had dried his tears and overcome his fear of a foreigner, Dr Johnson told his name and asked the boy his. This led to an exchange of cards in the ceremonious Chinese fashion of elaborate bows and reading the name with obvious gratification.

The boy secured a card from his mother to give in exchange, writing his own name on the back.

A Lesson in Drawing

Dr Johnson described how he "went to school" to the Chinese boy, learning the numerals easily up to three, but when four was reached it became a lesson in drawing.

The Dean went on to explain how girls could help in national economy by preventing waste of material, time, and energy by adopting thoughtful methods.

He declared the best part of a potato was wasted when peeled thickly; potatoes should be boiled in their jackets.

When the Dean was in camp one of his tasks was to boil twelve roly-poly puddings, and he avoided the pudding sticking to the cloth by dipping the whole in cold water for a moment before stripping the cloth off.

Such ideas of housekeeping coming from a man and a high dignitary of the Church seemed very revolutionary to some of the immense audience assembled in the Central Hall to welcome the Dean to Chatham, and there was much laughter at the Dean's knowledge of such details.

NATIONAL TRUST AGAIN

Widdecombe Saves An Old House

It is good news to hear from the vicar of Widdecombe-in-the-Moor that the National Trust has promised to take over the 15th-century Church House.

It is an attractive long building with stone pillars supporting the verandah where in olden days wrongdoers had to sit in the stocks with their faces to the wall. The stocks are still there. Inside the Church House there is a fine old fireplace with the rose, thistle, shamrock, and fleur-de-lys carved on the mantelpiece.

In 500 years the Church House has seen many changes. When it was built in Tudor days the villagers came there to dance and feast. Then, when Puritan laws forbade such gaiety, the Church House changed to a home for the poor and old. In 1834, when the Poor Law was passed, the old building became the village school. For nearly a century the walls rang with children's talk and laughter.

Two years ago the Devon County Council decided to build a new school for Widdecombe children; £1200 was needed to buy back the old building and turn it again into a Church House, and £100 is still wanted.

Many people will climb the steep hill to Widdecombe next summer. They will admire the wonderful views, the old church, known as the Cathedral of the Moor. Perhaps they will glance at the quaint village sign on the green showing Uncle Tom Cobleigh and All riding to Widdecombe Fair.

Let us hope they will find the old Church House restored to its original use.



Their Bedtime Treat

OFF to bed—willingly and happily—with never a grumble that bedtime has come too soon. For they have delicious 'Ovaltine' as their "good-night" beverage—just as their Mummy and Daddy do.

The sleep of happy, healthy childhood comes quickly to them. And while they sleep the rich nourishment which 'Ovaltine' so abundantly supplies restores their tired little bodies and creates new stores of energy.

During the winter 'Ovaltine' will prove specially valuable. The robust health it will give the children will keep them free from coughs and colds and will fortify them against epidemic infections.

'Ovaltine' provides the rich nourishment extracted from the highest qualities of malt extract; fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs.

Unlike other food beverages, 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment. There is nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 31

Up Anchor

THEN when Bora Bora displayed no signs of elation the Squire repeated his promise in a great voice. "Man, I tell you," he cried, "that I'll make your fortune for this!"

But, shaking his head, the islander drew close to Jim. "Big Master," he rejoined simply, "me no want fortune. Because Bora Bora young master's *tayo*, sworn friend."

"Spoken like a Cornishman!" roared Miles Maravin. "But where's this Schjetman Reef that you talk of, my lad?"

They appealed to Captain Ben.

"The Schjetman Reef?" he said musingly. "Well, I lay it's more or less thirty days' sailing. I haven't brought my chart along but, speaking from memory, if the Schjetman Reef exists, and we'll come to that presently, it is probably somewhere in between ten and twenty degrees North and 170 to 180 degrees West."

"Range?" said Mr Deedwinnick.

"Ah, our range of search, you mean?" said Cap'n Ben cautiously. "Well, calculate those positions and you've got a range of some 600 miles by 500, Mr Deedwinnick. But I'll check it all off when I get to my compass and chart."

"Good enough!" declared Mr Deedwinnick. "So we shall have a full three hundred thousand square miles to search for the reef, shall we?"

"Aye, sir," said Cap'n Ben, "you can make it all that. But you're wondering, I lay, how I keep that Reef's bearings in my mind?"

"I confess I was so," the Squire returned, rather dryly.

Cap'n Ben smiled a little.

"Well, I'll tell you a strange thing," he answered. "I've never conned my chart when thinking about your island but that Schjetman Reef has jumped at my eye, so to speak. Queer, Mr Deedwinnick?"

"Aye, queer, Ben," assented the Squire. "As if it were beckoning you! But you never suggested—"

"Sir, I follow no whimsies," replied Cap'n Ben.

"It's a hearsay reef, is it, Ben Babbage?"

"It's no more than that, sir." Then Cap'n Ben turned to Jim. "We've plenty like that in these seas, lad. Speaking broadly, when a reef or shoal has been reported without its bearings being accurately established it is marked on the chart P.D., Position Doubtful. Get that into your noodle, lad. Now, go on; when a shoal or reef has been reported but never verified, then the chart marks it E.D., Existence Doubtful."

The Squire let out a laugh.

"Pon my honour, Ben Babbage," laughed he, "you ought to keep school. For I never knew a squarer hand at expounding. But we'll prove that reef exists, we will, Babbage!"

"Aye, sink me if we don't, sir!" bellowed Miles Maravin. "Though I reckon we're not after a reef but an island."

"Find one, we'll find the other," said Cap'n Ben briskly. "If you are minded, Mr Deedwinnick, to follow that clue?"

"And what else have I to follow?" cried Mr Deedwinnick. "Vacca's our man. Where Vacca's gone we go. You must find that vessel today, Babbage."

Which Cap'n Ben did. And it made Jim's eyes sparkle to see her. She was a little twenty-ton cutter used in the copra trade, whose cargo was only newly out of her hold, and after waiting all the afternoon for a waiting breeze she cleared the reef of Papeete soon after dark, and went spanking along with her single mast and straight-rigging bowsprit and all of the Squire's party from Easter Island. For Bora Bora would not be left behind.

So they came to Flint Island.

The Thankful Heart (Captain Ajax Runnell from Bodmin) having cruised her allotted area without success, had been lying off and on according to orders, and was in the harbourage when the copra cutter danced in. But until they had paid the cutter off and the two men who owned her, and seen them hoisting sail for Papeete again, they gave no sign to that worthy man Ajax Runnell, whose delight then to see the party surpassed his amazement. He had given them up for lost. They told him their story. And once again Mr Deedwinnick trod decks of his own.

Then their wireless came into play. All one velvety night Jim listened to it crackling away at the masthead, and wondered what the ships on the ocean were thinking as they picked up those mysterious messages,

making neither head nor tail of them. And all one day he sat with Mr Deedwinnick, recording the answers as they came from the void. As the operator sent in slip after slip, as Mr Deedwinnick glanced at them, passed them to Jim, as Jim, with the Squire's notebook to guide him, transcribed, then the Squire would take a pinch of snuff, read the message, and "Egad! friend Jim," he would smile, "you write a fair hand, but it doesn't appear that your tidings march with it, lad!" Nor did they. None of the fleet had success to report.

"Then it's us for the Schjetman Reef, sir?" Jim said excitedly.

"Aye, I faith it is, friend Jim!" declared Mr Deedwinnick.

Then he bade the operator flash round his last orders. Jessamy, The Evening Star, and Captain Mannock in The Golden Crown were to make all haste for the Schjetman Reef to a position indicated by Captain Ben. The others must carry on as already instructed.

"For we won't," said the Squire, "drive all our pigs to one market."

Jim asked eagerly when they sailed for the Reef.

"When!" echoed Mr Deedwinnick. "We sail in the morning. So you whistle up a wind, my lad—or I'll belt you, as Mr Sunshine might say," he tacked on with a smile, "when he joins us with the Jessamy ketch."

Jim was glad that the Jessamy would bring Mr Sunshine.

CHAPTER 32

Tom Honeyman's Pepper-Pot

THE THANKFUL HEART was four days out of Flint Island, and taking as much as she could from an uneven breeze, when Merciful put his head into the cabin where Mr Deedwinnick and Captain Ben sat at their breakfast with news of a sail about four miles distant on the lee bow.

"She was lying to when we sighted her," he reported, "but it looks now as if she was standing to intercept us."

They left their breakfast and hastened on deck. The stranger was coming up fast—

a dark, raking schooner, making two knots to their one, as Cap'n Ben reckoned when he and the Squire had brought their glasses to bear on her.

"She's flying the red ensign," said Mr Deedwinnick.

"But I doubt all the same if she's British," growled Cap'n Ben. "She wants to speak to us, sir," he added uneasily.

"We'll see," said the Squire, and gave orders not to shift their course a point. "We'll see if she stands right across us, Ben," he said next. "You don't like the look of her?"

"I don't," said Cap'n Ben bluntly. "And that's the plain truth of it. Square-rigged forward, and schooner-rigged aft—what's the meaning of that, sir, if it isn't to give her more speed than an honest ship asks?" He levelled his glass again. "And what's a craft of her size want so many men for? Why, she's black with men, Mr Deedwinnick! She's black with them, sir!"

The Squire turned and beckoned Jim out from the watch. "Friend Jim," said he in an undertone, and smiling a little, "here's a question for you: what's the good of a cook without his pepper-pot?"

Jim's reply was the blankest of stares. "Come, lad, find your tongue," the Squire insisted. "What's the good of a cook, I asked you, without his pepper-pot?"

"Sir, is it a riddle?" breathed Jim, in considerable wonder that at this of all moments the Squire could think of such trifles.

"A riddle? Aye, perhaps it is," Mr Deedwinnick said musingly; then spun round to cock an eye on the oncoming stranger, with the crowds of men on her deck growing more and more visible. "Aye, a riddle whose answer we'll learn before we're much older, and Heaven grant that answer leans to our side. There!" The thoughtful tones brisked up again. "There! Off you nip, lad, to Honeyman. Never mind the answer now; you nip off to Honeyman and tell him from me to get his pepper-pot ready. But quietly, tell him; quite quietly."

Tom Honeyman was tasting soup in his galley when Jim, who was vastly bewildered, burst in with his message. Tom heard it through, then took a last sip at his ladle, and, having wiped his fingers, upon

JACKO HOLDS UP THE TRAIN

JACKO and Baby had been asked to stay for a week at Uncle Timothy's.

"Now mind you're very good, and don't get up to pranks," said Mother Jacko, as she put them in the train. "And take care of the tickets, Jacko."

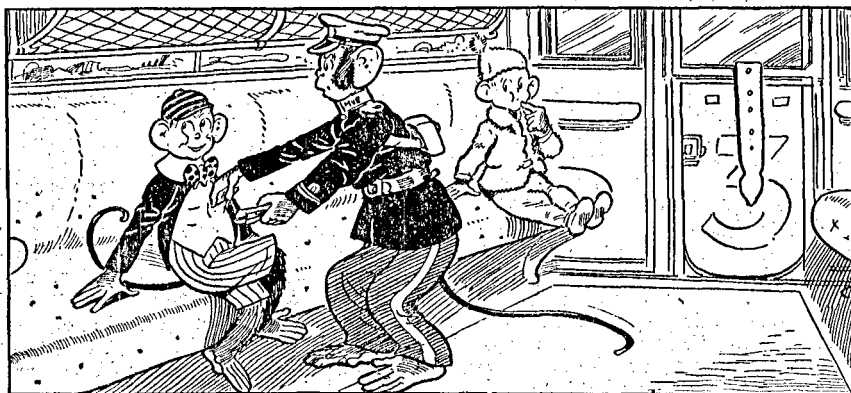
"Trust me," said Jacko.

"Pay up?" said Jacko. "What for?"

"You know what for. Come on, now. How much farther have you to go?"

Jacko told him.

"That will be 6s 3d each. Hand it over. Come on! Hurry up! We're holding up the train."



The collector began his search

The train journey seemed endless. Jacko and Baby got tired of looking out at the telegraph poles. Baby suggested having a game.

"There aren't any games you can play in a train," said Jacko, and then he added: "I know. We'll have a spree with the ticket collector. We're just coming to a station. You climb under the seat, and I'll follow."

When the train drew up along came the ticket collector. He was about to pass Jacko's carriage when he stopped.

What were those feet sticking out beneath the seat? Ah, people travelling without tickets!

"Out you come!" he called out.

"You pay up!" And he dragged the boys out by their feet.

But Jacko rather liked the idea of keeping a train waiting.

"Don't get hot about it," he said. "It will be all right."

This made the collector hotter still. "I shall search your pockets for the money, you young rascals," he shouted. "Right!" said Jacko, leaning back like a grand gentleman.

The collector began his search. But in the third pocket he came to he found two tickets.

"You've got your tickets!" he roared.

"Why didn't you give them to me?"

"You never asked for them," said Jacko, in a lordly way.

Words failed the collector, and he jumped off the train in such a hurry that he forgot to clip them.

his apron, he folded a very white napkin into a cap. He clapped this upon his head. Enormous it looked. "Now, buddy," he wheezed, "what am I? A cook, you says, cordong blue. That means, you says, a cook what wears a blue apron. And I knows how to pepper my dishes. You sling your hook, buddy; tell Squire that Tom's standing by, then tip the word to my messmate Gannett that I want him." And at once the galley became full of puffing and panting as the cook's unwieldy bulk got to work at a cupboard.

The stranger, as Jim found, had drawn very near. She shortened sail, and from the halyards on her after signal boom a string of flags fluttered.

"Thankful Heart! Is Mr Deedwinnick aboard you?"

"Ah, she knows us!" exclaimed the Squire. "Ask who she is, Babbage?"

So the brigantine ran up her flags in reply.

"What ship are you? Where do you hail from? Where are you bound?"

"The Savannah. From Tahiti," answered the stranger.

"Aye, and so I suppose," muttered Cap'n Ben grimly. "You'll observe Mr Deedwinnick, she don't tell us where she is bound." He threw his voice to the man who was working the lanyards and sheaves. "Ask her what she wants of us!" he demanded.

Out flew the signal.

From the oncoming schooner the flags were quick in response. On The Thankful Heart their message was slowly spelled out. "Newton Vacca requires speech with Mr Deedwinnick. He will come aboard you under a flag of truce."

"A flag of truce!" roared the Squire. "Confound the rogue's impudence! A flag of truce! So he don't deny we're at war!"

"Any answer?" asked Cap'n Ben.

"My answer!" cried Mr Deedwinnick, his face in a flame. "There you stand, Ben Babbage, as cold as a stone, while murderous blackguards presume to dictate terms to me! He'll come aboard under a flag of truce, will he, by thunder! You tell him he'll come aboard when it suits me to bring him, and that will be with a halter round his neck, tell him. Tell him I hold no truck and no parley with cut-throats. Tell him if he wants to save his skin he will send a pilot aboard to show us the way to Mark's island. You tell him that, Ben Babbage, for I've naught else to say to him!"

But Cap'n Ben had gestured their signaller to hold his hand, and in that pause he stepped close to the Squire, and spoke in his ear.

"Easy now, Mr Deedwinnick. We can't fight that big schooner!"

"Fight her! Aye, by thunder, I can!" roared the Squire. "Tell the scoundrel—!"

The rest was drowned in commotion. For the two ships had closed within half a cable's length, and from Vacca's there burst that moment a volley of rifle fire that swept The Thankful Heart from stem to stern. The man at the helm threw his arms up and pitched on his face; at the taffrail the man with the flags spun round and lay sideways, a bullet sang past Jim's ear and went home in the mast, the decks were gashed, there were splinters torn from the bulwarks, another bullet ripped the Squire's hat from his head.

Jim saw Mr Deedwinnick pluck out his snuff-box.

A second treacherous volley followed the first, and a roar of fury went up from the brigantine.

But no longer any fury from Mr Deedwinnick. There he stood, straight as a pillar, taking his snuff while the bullets hissed round him. Then he turned to Cap'n Ben who had taken the wheel, and "Steady as she goes," he bade in a low voice. And when Cap'n Ben had responded with a quick nod the Squire cupped his lips with his hands and his voice filled the ship.

"Pepper them, Tom!" he shouted.

How ludicrous it sounded! How awful its issue! What was Vacca's rifle volley compared with this storm, this tempest, this barking clatter of lead and destruction which, bursting instantaneously from the cook's galley, drove diagonally across The Savannah, as the hail and wind go driving across standing corn?

Too late for that raking schooner to take to her heels. Not a man aboard her dared show so much as a finger. For this storm of lead, as swift as the lightning, was tearing and savaging and shattering her canvas and cordage, ripping topsails and mainsails to ribbons; mercilessly sparing the shivering men on her decks, mercilessly removing the wings from her body.

TO BE CONTINUED

The January Number of the C.N.'s Monthly Companion is On Sale Everywhere

Here are some of the contents

Why Did the English Leave
Their Home?

The mystery of a vanished sea

Every Man and the Idle Man

The relation of all citizens to the
man who can find no work

The Birds of Our Shores and
Waters

A beautifully illustrated article

His Music Goes About the
World

The story of Frederick Chopin

Three Men Who Saved England
Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym

Japan's Great Army of Tilling
Children

A lesson still to be learned

The Casualties of 1933

Lives that will be thrown away

One of the Little Known
Wonders of the World

The rice terraces of Ifugaos

And there are pages of pictures,
stories, poems, and puzzles

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee



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A. P.
HERBERT,
an old
reader of
CHUMS

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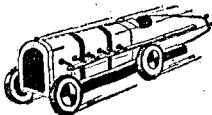
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THE BRAN TUB

An Unreliable Workman

A MAN works for a daily wage of nine shillings on condition that for every day he is absent he loses his wages and pays a fine of two shillings. He stayed away five days more than he worked and received £8 12s.

How many days did he work?
Answer next week

Water and Life

SIX thousand tons of water are needed to support the life of a single human being for a year. A man drinks a ton of water in a year, the rest of the huge quantity named is required to raise his food. It takes two tons of water to grow sufficient grain to make a one-pound loaf.

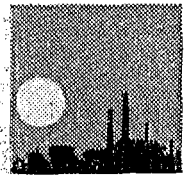
What Bird is This?

IN the pause but not in the halt,
In the brine but not in the salt,
In the rain but not in the sleet,
In the cloth but not in the sheet,
In the force but not in the might,
In the torch but not in the light,
In the bucket but not in the pail,
Complete it has a beautiful tail.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Mercury and Venus are in the South-East. In the evening Saturn and Uranus are in the South-West, and Jupiter and Mars are in the East late in the evening. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, January 11.



Reason This Out

THE largest sum of money that can be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, making use of the nine digits once only, is £98,765 4s 3½d.

What is the smallest sum that can be expressed with these nine figures? You may not make use of the nought. A little logical reasoning should quickly give you the solution.

Answer next week

A Footprint Game

A VERY diverting game for a party is guessing the owners of footprints. A large sheet of white cardboard or paper is secured, and with this and a soft pencil the person who is going to secure the records of the footprints goes to a room alone.

One at a time the rest of the company enter the room and a foot with the shoe on is placed on

the white card and the outline traced with the pencil. As each record is taken it is numbered and the corresponding number is written on a sheet of paper with the owner's name. When everyone's footprint has been secured all sit round in a circle, and the card with the footprints is placed in the centre. Everybody has a piece of paper and a pencil, and a few minutes is given to identify the owners of the footprints.

A Famous Balloon

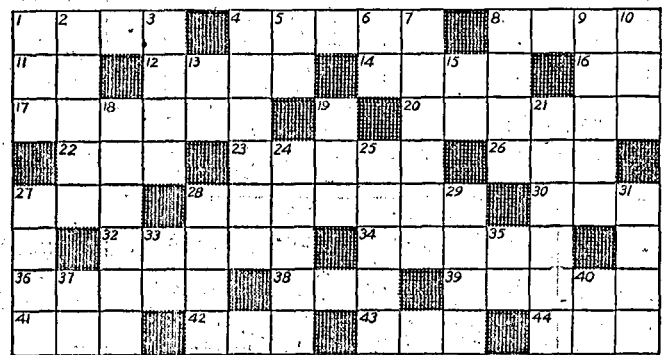
THE Belgian Post Office has recently issued a set of three stamps commemorating the two balloon ascents of Professor A.



Piccard. The stamps which show the professor's balloon were issued in aid of the Belgian National Scientific Research Fund.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Girl. 4. Nip. 8. Trust. 11. Able-bodied Seaman.* 12. A stag. 14. Speed. 16. Egyptian sun-god. 17. A discussion. 20. Harvester. 22. To loiter. 23. The chocolate tree. 26. Attempt. 27. A marsh. 28. Two-wheeled velocipede. 30. A serpent. 32. Ascended. 34. Not evenly. 35. Humorous. 38. Royal Naval Reserve.* 39. Scraps of news. 41. Period of time. 42. Colloquial term for a junior officer. 43. Expresses denial. 44. Decay.

Reading Down. 1. Boy. 2. The white poplar. 3. The green. cormorant. 4. A summary. 5. Pronoun.* 6. Creditor.* 7. Met William the Conqueror. 8. Fervency. 9. Takes booty. 10. A spike of corn. 13. Preposition. 15. Note in musical scale. 18. A long fruit. 19. Frigid. 21. A petition. 24. Sour. 25. Fruit of the oak. 27. Musical instrument like a flute. 28. Lads. 29. To prepare for publication. 31. Mail. 33. Royal Navy.* 35. Low Tension.* 37. Abraham's native city. 40. Medical Officer.*

Ici On Parle Français



Le colis Une autruche Le panneau
On enverra ce colis par la poste.
L'autruche habite le Sud-Afrique.
La salle était ornée de panneaux.

What They Paid

THE following list of prices of poultry in 1299 provides an interesting contrast with the present day, though money was worth much more then than it is now.

A fat cockerel 1½d; a goose 4d; a fat capon 2½d; two pullets 1½d; a mallard 1½d; a pheasant 4d; a heron 6d; a plover 1d; two woodcocks 1½d; a crane 1s.

In those days a fat lamb could be bought for 4d, except between Christmas and Shrovetide when it cost anything up to 1s 4d, and wheat was sold for 1s 8d a quarter.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Bus Service
The bus leaves the garage at two-hour intervals. Therefore six buses will be required for a 20-minute service.

Double Acrostic
Pictures
Critic
Ice-cream
Rain
Cart
Lever
Eagle

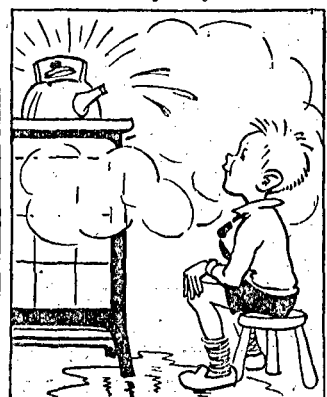
Words That Rhyme
Berry, bury.
Paws, pause.
Peal, peel.
What Am I?
Noun

Dr MERRYMAN

Snubbed

AN elderly critic and a young actor were talking.
"My experience has taught me that the ugliest men make the best actors," said the critic.
"Do you mean to insinuate that I am ugly?" asked the young man, fishing for compliments.
"Not at all, my boy," replied the critic.

Silly Billy



WATCH the kettle? Sure!" said Bill.
"I'll sit and watch it, still as still." Soon the kettle boiled and spat. On the floor while Billy sat. Presently it boiled quite dry. And Silly Billy wondered why.

He Knew Himself

SAMBO's fame as a runner had spread far. Eventually a challenge to a race came from a champion, and Sambo felt afraid. "All you's got to do," said Ratus, Sambo's friend, "is to go into de race sayin' to yourself 'I shall win,' and you will."
"Dat's no use," replied Sambo dolefully. "I knows what a teller of untruths I am."

Not Worrying

THE eldest son went into his father's bedroom during the night.
"Father, I think there's a burglar downstairs," he said.
"That's all right, my boy," sleepily replied Father. "He'll get nothing here but practice."

M.P.G.

JACK arrived home from school enthusiastic about the morning lessons.
"We heard today all about Columbus, who went 2000 miles on a galleon," Jack volunteered.
Father looked up from his motoring journal.
"You mustn't believe all you hear about those American cars," he said.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE two old ladies sat by their fireside nodding sleepily at each other.

It was nearly midnight and their watch would soon be over: they were seeing the Old Year out and waiting to let the New Year in. For this ceremony to be done in true North-country style there should be a family party, a mysterious knocking at the front door just after midnight, a solemn admission of New Year (who must be a dark man carrying a piece of coal), the cutting of a decorated cake, and lots of good wishes.

But these two old ladies led too lonely a life for such jollifications; yet, as Laura often said to Isabel, "We must never be too old to forget this fun, so let us do the best

we can; we've got a cake and candles, and we can wish each other 'good health.' You know, Isabel, even if we can't have the dark gentleman with coal we can manage the rest."

So Laura and Isabel nodded dreamily—a little sadly this year because Biddy, their cat, had disappeared a week before and had never returned; her empty basket lay on the hearthrug.

Not far away from this home was another, stranger home where a strange old lady lived, a lady who, on this New Year's Eve of all times, had decided to move.

Her house was ramshackle, draughty, and poor; there were cracks in the walls through which a fine powder of snow sometimes blew; and

there was no fire. The old lady, who seemed used to some discomfort, evidently decided that this was the limit; besides, she had a family to think of. So out into the snowy night she went, very determined.

Midnight struck. Laura, with great ceremony, went to the front door, lifted the latch; and as she said "Come in, 1933!" a gust of wind blew a flurry of snow into the passage.

Laura was not expecting this greeting. She banged the door to and wiped the snow from her glasses. And as she rubbed she looked down, and there was Biddy.

"Isabel, Biddy's back!" she called out. And then, as she bent to stroke the cat,

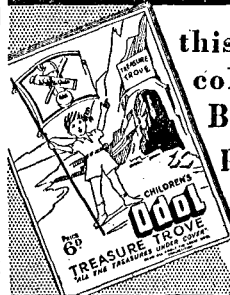
THE DARK GENTLEMAN

"Isabel, she's got a mouse! Isabel, shut the door!"

But Biddy was through to her old place by the fire, and in her mouth was no mouse but a dark gentleman—a dear, black kitten. She put him down into her basket and then went back to the front door. Laura suddenly understood, and, pulling on boots and coat, she followed Biddy out into the snow, round to the old shed, where there were two more kittens huddled in some sacking.

Laura returned with them cuddled in her coat, Biddy running alongside saying "Meow!"

Still she was a strange old lady, glad of the help, for she had decided to move on this New Year's Eve.



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